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Hannah Jefferson  
July 24. 1829.

see page 68, Stanza 3.

This Stanza is quoted in the Article  
'Mary's Loch (8)' in the Imperial  
Gazettes of Scotland, published by  
A. Fullarton & Co, Stead's Place, Leith Walk,  
Edinburgh, Edited by The Rev John Marquis  
Wilson, shortly after 1856 (Some Statistics  
Agricultural, for that year are given,  
but the population Census of 1851 is used  
and excited my interest in the early  
Sixties, but I found the context only  
in 1923 through the assistance of  
Sir Donald MacAlister, Princ. University  
of Glasgow, and the \*Editor of the  
Glasgow Herald who published the  
rest of the Poem supplied by a Correspondent  
A.L.)

\* Sir David Bruce.

and gave information as to the Author's  
name and date and Publisher.

A long search in the 2<sup>nd</sup> hand Bookshops  
in London and Edinburgh ensued, and  
Mr Alex<sup>r</sup> Carlyle, of 38, Newbattle Terrace, from  
inside ultimately picked up a Copy in George  
St<sup>h</sup> Edinburgh, and generously presented it to  
me.

This copy belonged to Mr. E. A.

Mr. Carlyle, (son of Mr. Alex<sup>r</sup> Carlyle, B.A., Toronto) who came across a Copy of this book and sent it to me, about the same time, without calling on Mr. H. Carter. The date upon the wrapper is 1841, which is attached to the paper & found in this book enables me to say that shortly after this date he was seized with an inflammatory condition within the abdomen and was obliged to go to hospital in Queen's College and then to a sanatorium to which he was removed.

# POEMS,

BY

*Copy*  
MRS G. G. RICHARDSON,

*born in the Parish of Canonbie; spent part of her  
life in India, and later resided in*

*vide note at* DUMFRIES. *bottom of page* IV.

---

"That people live and die, I knew  
An hour ago as well as you."

PRIOR.

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EDINBURGH:

PUBLISHED BY

CADELL & CO., EDINBURGH;

AND

SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, & CO., AND WILLIAM  
CROFTS, LONDON.

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1828.

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26.5.55

**DUMFRIES:**  
**PRINTED BY J. M'DIARMID & CO.**



## ADVERTISEMENT.

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THE Stanzas to the Eolian Harp, two or three of the Sonnets, the Lapland and the Scottish Song, and the Summer Sunday, have already appeared in the London Weekly Review, a literary Journal conducted with considerable spirit and ability, and presenting its readers with early and impartial notices of all new publications, besides a great variety of original essays, tales, poetry and anecdotes, criticisms on the fine arts, and accounts of literary and scientific institutions.—The proprietor, Mr David Lester Richardson, (author of "Sonnets and other Poems, principally written in India,") is one of those friends at whose suggestion the writer of the present volume has ventured to collect and publish these scattered trifles—most of them productions of her earlier years, and written without the remotest view to publication. That they are all trifles, she is very sensible, and this acknowledged consciousness, toge-

\* The Dict. of National Biography (Vol. XLVII, 222) says of this name, Poet and Novelist; Writer, became Major in the Bengal Army; Edited General Kew's Bay at Calcutta, and published prose and verse.

ther with the very juvenile dates that belong to some of them, (one Sonnet in the collection was written at the age of thirteen) may mitigate the severity of criticism, but can afford no legitimate apology for the mature and deliberate act of submitting them to the public now; when the poems of a Baillie, a Hemans, and a Landon, have created a new era for the female name, and have so immeasurably distanced her feeble pretensions. She is therefore glad to shelter a temerity which was induced by other considerations \* than the hope of fame, by quoting the literary suffrage of her talented young friend, and by adverting to one still more gratifying to her personal feelings, which suggests the present opportunity of expressing her deep gratitude, however inadequately, to those kind friends collectively, to † whose interest in the object of her little publication, she is indebted for the flattering circumstance of 1700 copies having been bespoken previously to its issuing from the press.

*One Caroline Richardson (1777-1853, poetess; wife of Geo. Richardson; published a volume of Poems in 1829, a novel, and several tales and essays. (See Nat<sup>l</sup> Dict. Biogr. XVIII, 223.*

*Herm Richardson Charlotte Caroline (1775-1850?) poetess; born of poor parents named Smith; married in 1802 a shoemaker named Richardson, who died in 1804, leaving his wife destitute; published (1806) by subscription, a volume of Verse, which was followed by other Poems (H.D. B. and M.)*

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361. The first of these is the fact that the  
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 364. which are not yet fully understood.

**P O E M S .**

天啓元年



## POEMS.

---

### STANZAS.

Flow on, my verse! the wild-bird on the spray,  
 Pours forth his music to the summer air;  
 He sings for gladness, or to soothe his care,  
 Nor heeds what loitering listeners mark the lay.

Far from the din of man, well pleas'd I rove,  
 Tuning my fancies to like artless strains,  
 My casual theme, these sweetly smiling plains,  
 My Muse, the dryad of this sheltering grove!

Beneath its shade to vagrant thought resign'd,  
 While zephyr's wing, dipp'd in the violet's dew,  
 Sweeps by like dreams of bliss when life was new,  
 I rest from noontide cares my wearied mind.

Oh it is sweet to gaze on Nature's face  
At peaceful leisure—when the clear blue sky  
Mirrors the realms above, and fancy's eye  
May in one view a Heaven and Eden trace !

Are there, whose grovelling souls so ill explain  
This lavish garniture of grove and field,  
That Nature's cunning-work seems but to yield  
Food for the flock, or shelter for the swain ?

Who, prone to earth, their cradle and their grave,  
Fill the short interval with selfish care ?  
Possess, enjoy, a daily harvest share,  
Nor mark the Power, nor bless the Hand that gave ?

Meet doom for them (on whom, even Heaven were  
waste !)

The fabled punishment of fickle love—\*  
“ For ever o'er one waveless plain to move ;”  
Sweet rest, sweet change, alike denied to taste !

---

\* Vide Mad. Genlis' Palace of Truth.

The soul that never dreams, can never glow—  
But, musing poet ! would'st thou truly find  
That *beauty's use* that swells thy ardent mind,  
Thou need'st not far in fancy's regions go.

These curious flowers that mock the chemist's dyes,  
These countless myriads glancing in the beam,  
The balmy air, the spirit-fresh'ning stream,  
Th' alternate dale, and hills that towering rise—

Music breath'd native from a thousand throats  
Bright with gay plumage, various as their songs ;  
All that is rare or lovely in the throngs  
Of births inferior, heaven to man devotes,

Proclaim *his* destiny and lineage high !  
Fallen tho' he be, and Heaven's bright image marr'd—  
Proclaim the vastness of that kind regard  
That gemm'd his dwelling with such rich supply.

O ! if earth's ruin'd wilderness afford  
So many flowers breathing of love divine,  
How gloriously that *promis'd land* must shine,  
That waits the followers of earth's mighty Lord !

## THE VISION.

“SPIRIT of light ! a boon I crave—

“ Oh ! hither come if thou art free—

“ If thou canst burst the gloomy grave

“ Pity my grief and come to me !

“ Mary, my love ! be thou array’d

“ In robes of death of sablest hue,

“ I’ll gaze with rapture, not with dread,

“ Be’t but the shade, the shade of you :—

“ This is the hour, as legends say,

“ When spirits oft are free to rove—

“ Oh Luna ! lend a pitying ray—

“ Light in the phantom of my love ;—

“ For morn awakes—but not to me

“ Awakes the wonted smile of morn ;—

“ The sun retires—but robb’d of thee

“ I seek not to repose, but mourn.—

“ Whether the sun arise in smiles  
“ Or nature be in sorrow drest,  
“ Nor cloud nor smile my grief beguiles,  
“ Still shrouded Mary fills my breast.

“ This is the hour, as legends say,  
“ When spirits oft are free to rove—  
“ Oh Luna ! lend a pitying ray !—  
“ Light in the phantom of my love.”

Thus, weakly, wailing hopeless grief,  
The visionary mourner cried ;  
Four years had brought him no relief,  
Four years had pass'd since Mary died.

Yet day by day her loss he wept  
In wilful, persevering woe, —  
Relief he spurn'd—of her bereft,  
He vow'd no other joy to know :

Oft, oft he travers'd mead and lawn,  
To gaze on scenes where she had been,—  
At latest eve, at earliest dawn,  
His footsteps near her grave were seen :—

'Mid seasons bright, by stream or bow'r,  
On sunny hill, or blossom'd dale,  
Still Mary's mem'ry had the pow'r  
To dim the sky, or chill the gale.—

Oft would he raise to heav'n his eye,  
But not to sue for solace there,  
But to upbraid the envious sky  
That seem'd to hide his darling fair !

And sometimes Fancy's daring wing  
Would pierce that bright ethereal plain,  
And him to Mary's presence bring—  
Then sink him back to earth again :—

Then tears in quicken'd floods would fall—  
Then keener pangs would rend his heart—  
Then he would death imploring call,  
And act delirium's wildest part ;—

Then when behind the western wave  
The sun had sank,—still murmur'd he,  
“ Spirit of light ! a boon I crave—  
Oh ! come to me—oh come to me ! ”



At length his voice the spirit heard,  
So heav'n permitted ;—soft and slow  
Diffus'd, a gradual dawn appear'd,  
Disparting snowy clouds—and lo !

Before him stood a vision bright  
Bearing his Mary's features fair—  
Cloth'd in such majesty of light  
As only forms seraphic wear :—

But where was Mary's glance so gay ?  
The smile that could so sweetly speak ?  
The welcome that was wont to play  
In love's own dimples on her cheek ?

Serene, severe, fair as the morn,  
All human passion far above !  
She beam'd an earth-reproving scorn—  
She breath'd of heaven, but not of love :

Cold terror thrill'd the lover's breast—  
Nature to Fancy rebel prov'd—  
The wish'd, yet unexpected guest,  
Gaz'd calmly on the once belov'd :—

“ Poor helpless one ! what dost thou fear ?

“ Behold thy long-lost Mary nigh !

“ The shade so oft invok’d, is here—

“ Why shrinks thy heart, why sinks thine eye ? ”

Oh soft ! for see what thoughts benign

Are stealing o’er her face the while,—

But who may paint the charm divine

The beaming of an angel’s smile ?—

“ That simple fear,” she mildly said,

“ Betrays how blind thy wishes were ;—

“ Why would’st thou Nature’s laws invade,

“ And covet what thou can’st not bear ?—

“ Ah ! thus is man, in error warm

“ Still panting for some boon withheld !

“ Of cheating hope some untried form

“ That mocks its promise when beheld !

“ And what is human life, that thou

“ Should’st murmur at its bitterest doom !—

“ A furrow of the passing brow—

“ A sand, where countless sands have room !



“ Yet God throughout this ocean’s space  
“ Sees ev’ry furrow fill its lot,—  
“ Of ev’ry sand he knows the place,  
“ And none are lost, and none forgot ;—

“ Earth in the hollow of his hand,  
“ And all its myriads shelter’d lie,  
“ Till having wrought the purpose plann’d,  
“ He waves it back, and all things die.

“ Die to revive—but how—not one  
“ To know and live may here aspire !  
“ And that mysterious purpose, none—  
“ Angels nor men, may yet inquire.

“ There is a Book where thou may’st read  
“ A cure for every human woe,—  
“ There is a path, which all who tread,  
“ The mystery at length shall know

“ With joy unspeakable :—too long  
“ Woe’s wanderer thou—arise and chuse  
“ That path !—the glorious sun thereon  
“ Disperses passion’s idle dews,—

“Dries up all tears—eyes see, ears hear  
“Truths, Nature’s darkness never knew,—  
“Rivers of living water clear,  
“And flow’rs unfading spring to view:—

“Gaze on the earth,—the little eye  
“Is never fill’d, though thronged with sights:—  
“Fix thought on immortality,  
“And *one* alone yields all delights:—

“Leave thy once Mary’s scatter’d dust—  
“What hand can gather water shed?  
“The earth shall render up its trust,  
“Life’s squand’rer is the only dead.

“Oh if thou knew!—I may not tell!—  
“I pray for thee, I pray for thee—  
“Once lov’d! still lovely! fare-thee-well  
“Forget, forget, and follow me!”

## STANZAS.

I CALL not on thy gentle shade,  
To visit once-loved haunts again ;  
But oh ! at ev'ry step I tread,  
I miss and mourn thee on the plain.

The sunny meads, the flowing stream,  
Smile and flow on, but never more  
Shall here thy light of beauty beam—  
And all their sweetest charms are o'er !

These roses artlessly array'd,—  
The mein of Nature in her prime,—  
Have emblem'd many a beauteous maid,  
But never could they vie with thine !

I would not call thee back—for thou  
Had'st all life's best—to live belov'd,  
To die with Spring upen thy brow  
And be to happier climes remov'd,

Was thy blest lot ! thou didst but stay—  
Ere sorrow came, or fortune's frown—  
To gather on a summer day  
Meet flowers for an immortal crown !

And " wisdom is the hoary head,  
Th' unspotted life is length of years,"  
Mem'ry embalms the vernal dead,  
Mingling sweet incense with her tears.

---

MANFRED ;

AN ALLEGORICAL LEGEND.

Was there a youth in William's train,  
With Manfred could compare ;  
For valour, or for courtly grace,  
Or clerkly breeding rare ?

Was there a youth in William's court,  
So proud, so high, as he ;  
That to his haught and froward will,  
None might opposed be ?

Thought of high emprise you might read,  
Still kindling in his eye ;  
He bore his snowy plumed crest,  
Like banner rear'd on high.

Of spirit generous and sincere,  
He every gift possess'd ;  
Might win the love or fealty  
Of all whom he address'd.

But stern defiance on his brow,  
Sat waiting for employ ;  
And still in vent'rous feats of arms,  
He plac'd his chiefest joy ;

And while the youths of lesser note,  
Were fearlessly beloved,  
Still Manfred's prowess or his pride,  
Some breast to vengeance mov'd.

So, when the low and lowly shrub,  
Escapes the lightning's eye ;  
The proud oak tow'ring o'er its head,  
Doth meet heav'n's torch and die.

Now merry bells rung in the day,  
That haughty Manfred gave  
His one-and-twentieth year complete—  
Young, beautiful, and brave.

But though, by fortune, and by fame,—  
By beauty's smiles caress'd;  
Unsatisfied ambition still  
Troubled his restless breast.

And with the dating morn that told  
Of youth's first period past,  
The thought of years inglorious gone,  
His brow with gloom o'ercast;

"And why," he cried, "shall glory's wreaths  
Round low-born valour twine;  
While lordly Manfred's light consumes  
In hall and bower supine?

"O, were not fame's bright laurels given,  
To bloom for such as me!  
That through the vaulted roof of heaven,  
My name might echoed be!

"Why strives my father to detain  
My vig'rous youth at home?  
I'll burst his bonds, in quest of fame—  
In quest of danger roam."



And now th' assembled nobles all,  
And knights and ladies fair,  
Were revelling in Earl Manfred's halls,  
In honour of his heir.

And as they wak'd the midnight hour,  
With dance and wassail gay ;  
Behold a stranger beauty came,  
And drew all eyes away !

Proudly in conscious charms she trod,  
And regal was her mein ;  
And never yet so bright a form,  
Had eye of mortal seen.

Her glowing and transparent cheek,  
Disclos'd the ruby's dye ;  
And summer lightnings seem'd to lend  
Their lustre to her eye.

Yet from that eye's too radiant glance,  
A secret influence stole,  
Which, while it spell'd the gazer's sight,  
Sent poison to his soul.



And tho' strong fascination drew  
All to survey the maid,  
Strange tremors thrill'd thro' every breast,  
And many shudd'ring fled !

But proudly, Manfred braved the fire  
Of charms thus strangely bright ;  
And straight he proffer'd heart and brand,  
To be her champion knight.

She to his speech no answer made,  
But with a witching smile,  
Up lightly springing, then withdrew,  
Fast beck'ning him the while.

" Oh stay, rash Manfred ! pray thee stay !"  
The shudd'ring father cried ;  
Dost thou not see some phantom dire,  
That wond'rous form must hide ?

" Didst thou not mark the lambent light  
That gleam'd beneath her vest ?  
Such radiant whiteness never shone  
On mortal maiden's breast.

“O stay thee, Manfred!” deaf and blind,  
Save to that witching smile,  
Manfred already far had fled—  
She beck’ning him the while.

And silent still she led him on,  
Till at the farthest bound  
Of all Earl Manfred’s wide domain,  
A mailed steed they found.

Then first she spake—“Now, Manfred, mount!  
And follow on with me!  
The Genius of your natal hour—  
Your friend and guide I’ll be!

“Behold the path to glory leads!”  
But lo! the morning broke,  
And Manfred, starting, look’d around,  
For her who thus had spoke;

He look’d around, but no bright form,  
Helping the dawn of day;  
No shape of mortal or of sprite  
Journey’d that dreary way.

No living thing, save the proud steed,  
Who of his master's pride  
Seem'd conscious, as with thund'ring clang,  
He urg'd his rapid ride.

Soon, tho' unseen, that lady fair,  
He heard again her voice ;  
In silver tones like music sweet,  
She bade his heart rejoice.

"Speed on, young Manfred ! onward haste !  
Tho' tedious seem the way,  
Thou soon a glorious goal shalt gain—  
Let nought thy speed delay.

"No sights, no sounds, of dread or woe,  
Must stay thee on thy road ;  
The path that leads to high renown,  
Must still be firmly trod.

And thou"—"O stay thee !" Manfred now,  
With shudd'ring bosom cried ;  
For lo ! even at his courser's feet,  
A pilgrim old he spied.

Ah, spied too late ! feeble and faint,  
The pilgrim sore dismay'd ;  
Down tott'ring fell—the steed dash'd on,  
Trampling the hoary head.

And was this but a heedless crime ?  
Yet, Manfred ! think thee well !  
When question'd by the Judge of Heaven,  
How will the story tell ?

That sooth'd by flatt'ry, swell'd by pride,  
With self alone possess'd ;  
Thine eyes, and ears, and soul were spell'd,  
Against that wail distress'd.

That thou so mindful of thy fame,  
Could yet so reckless be,  
That life and venerable age,  
Unheeded were by thee !

But soon th' intrusion of remorse,  
Pride's cozenings repell'd,  
And whispering nature's pitying throes,  
His syren leader quell'd.

“ For that hoar head and feeble arm,  
Life had no more to do !  
A thousand such, would cheaply buy  
One sorrowing thought from you ! ”

And now they reach a mountain vast,  
Where winding rampart towers,  
Down the steep sides still crumbling fell,  
And scattered stony showers.

And many a youth was labouring there  
To gain the distant brow,  
Who long ere mid-way ceased to toil,  
Dash'd on the rocks below.

And many a hard and hardy one,  
His comrades' path assail'd,  
And still the stronger o'er the weak,  
With right usurp'd, prevail'd.

O heavens ! what keen terrific pangs,  
The dying strugglers mov'd,  
As with last hope they clasp'd the rock,  
That crumbling, faithless prov'd !

But shrieks of fear, nor sights of woe,  
    Could Manfred's soul confound ;  
The voice cried, " On !" the foaming steed  
    Still o'er-leaped every bound.

When soft from out a mossy cave,  
    A gentle maiden came,  
And raising up her flowing veil,  
    Thrice call'd on Manfred's name.

The dove-like voice, the modest mein,  
    The azure eye so clear,  
Whose can they be but Editha's ?  
    But wherefore is she here ?

With flashing wonder, shame, and ire,  
    Was Manfred's bosom torn,  
As starting he beheld the maid,  
    Whom he had left in scorn.

His plighted bride was Edith fair ;  
    Pure was her virgin flame,  
But virgin pride that flame subdued,  
    When faithless he became.



And now, while kind her accents flow'd,  
And he was all her care,  
The dauntlessness of conscious worth  
Beam'd through her modest air:

Quick she seiz'd his bridle rein,  
And dropp'd upon her knee;  
His pawing courser, frowning brow,  
Nor menace, heeded she—

“Never from her suppliant prayer  
Will Editha refrain,  
Till Manfred an attentive ear  
Will to her counsel deign!

“Never from her posture low  
Will Edith raise her more;  
Till Manfred turn his fiery steed,  
And quit this fateful shore!

“For O! beyond this rocky mound,  
A treach'rous ocean lies;  
And those who clear the dang'rous height,  
Do perils new surprise;

“That troubled sea doth ebb and flow  
With ever restless tide,  
And with such rapid wanton change  
No rudder there can guide ;

“And if from ’whelming surge restrained,  
Lo ! quicksands all around,  
Not less th’ unwary feet betray,  
To hopeless tomb profound.”

“Away ! begone ! fond dreaming maid !  
Thy legends vain give o’er !”  
“Nay, Manfred listen, listen yet,  
To what I now implore !

“Oh ! quick from those dark regions fly,  
While safety may be found—  
Even now too late may be thy speed ;—  
Hell’s myriads watch thee round !”

“And how hast thou the knowledge gain’d  
Fate’s secrets to display ?  
Restrain no more my gen’rous steed,  
Begone, and give me way !”



“Never will I give thee way !  
O Manfred ! hear thy friend,  
Who heaven-commission’d hither came,  
Thy baleful ’thrall to end.

“Taught by a dream”—Her gentle voice  
No more could Manfred hear ;  
Far other tones, imperious claim’d  
His all too willing ear !

“Shall dreams thy vent’rous soul appal !  
Shall glory’s meed be thine,  
If to a love-sick maiden’s fears  
Thou dost thine ear incline !

“Rush boldly on ! up ! up ! behold  
How near the mountain’s brow !  
Ambition’s mid-way heights surpass’d,  
Shall doubts restrain thee now ?

“Ambition knows no backward course”—  
O words too truly said !  
He spurr’d his steed—his steed dash’d on,  
Mangling the blue-eyed maid !

“ When deeds are done, and seal’d by death,  
Remorse is all too late---  
Misgivings of remorse to churls !  
Decision to the great !

“ Up ! up ! another mound surpass’d,  
The summit thou’lt attain,  
And then shall open to thy view  
Ambition’s glorious main !”

Again he spurr’d his furious steed,  
Yet one look backward stole—  
Pale, ghastly, fixed in death she lay,  
Once idol of his soul !

Yet was there one sweet lingering charm  
Which death could not efface,  
The calmness of a spotless life  
Still dwelt upon her face.

More desperate now his speed became ;  
But still that death-seal’d eye,  
That pallid visage, mild and meek,  
He could not, could not fly !

And still he strove with thought, and still  
Thought would not silenced be ;  
And vainly now his syren guide,  
Pour'd her shrill minstrelsy—

But had not yet repentance true  
Her chastening influence sent—  
He curs'd his arm, he curs'd his deed—  
Yet scorn'd he to repent.

The haughty monarch of the woods,  
Pierc'd by the hunter's dart,  
Struggles more fiercely as he feels  
The death-shaft in his heart.

But yet *his* savageness is meek  
To Passion's wild career :—  
At length the rocky barrier's pass'd,  
The wide-spread ocean near !

The ocean, Editha foretold,  
Was fair and calm to view ;  
And many a gallant bark rode there,  
With sails and streamers new.

Then Manfred sought the gayest prow,  
And mark'd it for his own;  
Straight from the helm the pilot fled,  
And left him all alone:—

“To weal or woe, to rise or fall,  
Tho’ hell should thee o’erwhelm,  
I still attend !” the Syren cried,  
And sprang to seize the helm ;

Her form shone forth more radiant now  
Than when it charm’d before,  
Yet her bright eye a secret beam  
Still more malignant bore ;

The piercing smile, more piercing now,  
Some purpose dire express’d ;  
And lo ! disclos’d, a sheety flame  
Curl’d o’er her snowy breast !—

Sudden the wraths of Heav’n arise ;  
The quickly veering tide  
The rudder mocks, th’ unwieldy hull  
Labours from side to side ;

Near and more near the lightnings' flash ;  
The angry thunders growl ;  
Remorse and terror ruthless seize  
On Manfred's ruthless soul,

When, as his eyes in anguish bent  
Upon the treach'rous Fair,  
Sued for the pity he denied,  
And found it was not there,

Behold ! her beauties vanish'd all—  
A *demon* stood confess'd ;  
And hate, and rage, and vengeance dire,  
Her bitter glance express'd !

But now a voice of seraph tone  
Breath'd softly on his ear ;—  
“ Repent ! there's mercy still in heav'n ;  
Repent ! thy hour is near !

“ Submit thy soul to Him who gave !”  
The words a hope convey'd—  
A blessed hope like beacon-light—  
And fervently he pray'd—

Th' Eternal's mercy who may bound ?

His justice, or his love ?—

The vessel bulg'd—the youth's last thought

Sought succour from above ;

And downwards as the treach'rous guide

By yelling fiends was driven,

Reveal'd and clad in robes of light

Fair Edith sprang to heaven.

## LINES,

SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN WRITTEN BY QUEEN  
ELIZABETH,

Relating to circumstances during her residence at Hatfield.

OH ! there is one inhabits yonder vale—  
I often think, to be that shepherd maid  
Whose sun-burnt cheek lies open to the gale—  
I'd quit my crown with all its gaudes inlaid !

Full well I ween 'tis not in fortune's boon—  
That precious gem that yields the bosom peace ;  
Nor need its owner shun the raging noon,  
Nor can the chemist's art its worth increase !—

I've seen that maid, clad in her russet gown,  
With kirtle green, and ribbon-woven hair,  
Eclipse the fairest of the flaunting town  
With one sweet smile !—for guilelessness was there.



And if that artless smile might be repaid  
By an old grandsire's fond approving gaze,  
Well pleased was she to be by him survey'd,  
Nor in the dance e'er heeded other praise.

And have ye one, ye giddy flutt'ring throngs  
By fame and fashion's fleeting incense warm,  
To whom the priceless heritage belongs  
To joy unenvying,—unambitious charm?

No ! sooth to say, the proudest high-born dame  
My court e'er polish'd, or my palace held,  
Ne'er to my heart preferr'd so sweet a claim  
As that young innocent I then beheld :—

Yet, unreflecting I bestow'd a sigh,  
To see a cottage hide a flower so fair !  
I mus'd to barter peace no wealth could buy  
To link her in the bonds of splendid care ;

My proffer'd gold she took with ready smile,  
And talk'd of ribbons gay, and doublets new,  
And frankly happy, told how long the while  
This *mine* would purchase all the joys she knew.

I smil'd in turn, (Oh erring human pride !  
That could contemn such guiltless joys as these) ;  
I strove to lure her from her parent's side,  
And promised, false one ! happiness and ease !—

No pause, no thought prefac'd her brief reply—  
Sweet sounds it now—then minist'ring strange  
spleen !

“ All that I want this cottage can supply—  
I would not leave it to be made a queen !”

Fair artless maid ! in rustic garb array'd,  
I in my gems thy beauty oft admir'd—  
There came an hour when beauty could not aid,  
And oh ! what deeper thoughts that hour in-  
spir'd !

Disease assail'd her, and I sought her bed—  
Her lowly bed—and there the triumph saw  
Of blessed faith in hamlet-cottage bred---  
O'er that dread conflict potentates must awe.

The erring Leech pronounc'd that she must go !  
She heard him meekly—bow'd her head in pray'r,  
Then softly said, “ Kind father ! weep not so,  
'Tis no dark valley, for my Saviour's there—

“I know the way—I know the way”—no more  
Her trembling pallid lips could utter then—  
She lives—but in my bosom’s inmost core,  
These words were trac’d as by a seraph’s pen.

The look compos’d with which she bade adieu,  
The cheering tone that spoke her fears at rest,—  
That heavenly look, lives ever in my view—  
Those trusting words oft haunt my troubled  
breast.

And now, when rustic Mary, lost to me,—  
To life and health, and wonted toil restor’d,  
Leads her old grandsire o’er the sunny lea,  
I envy her, whose lot I erst deplor’d!

TO THE AUTHOR OF  
" LINES ON THE LOSS OF A SHIP ;"

Which appeared anonymously in the Dumfries and Galloway Courier.

Who art thou, nameless poet?—whence  
Hadst thou that sweet Æolian strain,  
Which, more than art's whole eloquence,  
Can pow'r o'er feeling's chords obtain?

Wert thou a wanderer of the deep,  
Or mourner on some ruthless shore?  
By danger taught, or death—to weep  
The lost beneath the ocean's roar?

Yes! well I know that thou hast been  
— A dweller on the lonely sea!  
They only who have felt and seen,  
Can paint that desert's woes like thee.

Oh! thou hast waked to life again  
The parting hour—the gallant sail—  
The freighted hopes—the treach'rous main—  
Of one wreck'd heart's disastrous tale;

And yet I bless thee while I weep—  
I thought that I had wept my last!—  
“The sea doth well its secrets keep”—  
The gone were lost, the storm was past,

No ripple on that world of graves  
Remain'd to tell me where they were ;  
Conjecture shrieking to the waves  
Was only answer'd by despair :

But years roll'd on, and hope had fled,  
And grief had cast her sable stole—  
Were love and woe then with the dead?  
No ! they had *settled* in the soul !

And thou hast wak'd sad dreams again ;  
But, oh, sweet minstrel ! thanks be thine !  
For thou hast rais'd a requiem strain  
Shall mingle many a tear with mine.

## SONNET,

TO ANACREON MOORE.

MOORE! hadst thou liv'd in old Anacreon's days,  
Or he in thine, the rival of thy lays,  
Envy had drain'd thee of thy tuneful breath,  
And he in thee been doubly doom'd to death ;  
But thanks to Phœbus! one such fire divine—  
Charm of a world—he will'd alone to shine ;  
To diff'rent ages gave each fav'rite son ;  
Hence both survive and blend their sweets in one.  
'Twas said the Tëan bard destroy'd his lyre,  
That no bold hand might wake its slumbering fire ;  
The tale I once believ'd—but now I see  
He bore it with him, nursing it for thee,  
And breathing freshness from Elysian bowers,  
He sent it back entwin'd with sweeter flow'rs.

December, 1800.



## LINES TO THE EOLIAN HARP,

Adapted to the French Air of "Mon ami Pierrot."

HARP! that wildly weaving,  
Sounds of mystic flow,  
Seem'st some spirit breathing  
Sighs o'er human woe!  
O that I could borrow  
Tones to grief so true!  
Mine's a speechless sorrow,  
Sad, yet sweet, like you.

Hark! the strain ascending,  
Heavenward seems to rise!  
Angel voices blending,  
Answer from the skies.  
O what sweet emotion  
Yields that warbling air!  
Life's first pure devotion—  
Love's first dream—are there.



TO THE SHADE OF A PROMISING AND MOST  
DEAR RELATIVE.

SPIRIT belov'd ! who in thy youth's blithe morning,  
The despot Death, from earth's gay promise tore ;  
(The tears, the pray'rs, of friends and kindred scorn-  
ing),

I thy chief mourner will lament no more.

What hast thou lost ?

A post few wisely hold,

Which passion's, fortune's, every breath may harm ;

Wishes oft crost ;

Hopes waxing dim and cold,

Ev'n in the hour with fondest fancies warm.

Spirit belov'd ! thy life's brief current flowing

Through shelter'd vales, where storms had never  
been,

Was pure as lilies on the margin growing,

Fair as the sunbeams sporting on the stream.

Had'st thou remain'd,  
And known what *I* have known !  
Borne on thy course thro' manhood's turmoil wild,  
What had'st thou gain'd ?  
Ah ! whither then had flown  
Thy bosom's peace, and all thy virtues mild ?

In thy sweet eye, with candour ever beaming,  
Could I have borne to trace the shades of guile !  
Thy open breast with gen'rous wishes teeming,  
Brooding on selfish passions, projects vile ;  
Thy tow'ring ardor made ambition's slave ;  
Thy valiant spirit by false honour riven ;  
Thy love,—a fire accurs'd ! and thou, (so brave !)  
For one base worldly wish renouncing heav'n !

That heav'n is thine !  
That *eye* in peace was clos'd ;  
The gifts of God thou did'st to God restore ;  
And for thy heart---that was so fondly mine—  
Since it to me its latest thoughts disclos'd,  
Beaming with holy hope and light divine---  
Spirit belov'd ! I will lament no more.

Hyderabad, April, 1804

EPITAPH,  
IN ST. HELIER'S CHURCH-YARD, JERSEY.  
TO THE MEMORY OF MARY SCOTT.

NEVER was "dust to dust" more sadly said,  
Than when thy spotless relics here were laid !  
She was—vain effort ! to describe her worth—  
Tears, tears alone, love's eloquence ! spring forth :  
Who can paint perfume ? or, by words, convey  
The sense of sight, to him denied the day ?  
Beauty and wit, and each accustom'd grace,  
Have terms appropriate, but the soul-fraught face—  
The blended charm, more felt than seen, "that drew  
All hearts to love thee," what can bring to view ?  
For ever lost to those who knew thee not,  
By those who knew thee, thou wert best forgot ;  
But oh ! the heart that mourns thee most, may yet  
Hope and wish all things, sooner than forget.

## ISABEL.

HAVE you seen the water-lily,  
    Waving o'er her glassy bed?  
Tho' rude winds blow ne'er so chilly,  
    Gaily still she rears her head.

Have you seen the tints of morning,  
    Rising soft o'er clouds of snow,  
Hills and dewy vales adorning,  
    With a smile of sweetest glow?

Have you heard the wood-lark carol?  
    Or with poet's eye survey'd  
Nature in her best apparel,  
    By her handmaid Spring arrayed?

Such is she---the water-flower!  
    Pure as streams that round it flow,  
Mild as Nature's waking hour,  
    Blooming as Aurora's glow,

Merry as the sweet bird singing,  
As she cleaves the balmy air ;  
In her bosom ever springing  
Frolic fancies pure as fair.

Nor can poet, gaily dreaming,  
Frame a vision to excel  
The airy, happy, pleasure-beaming  
Form and face of Isabel.

## THE LITTLE ANGLER.

THE summer morn was shining bright,  
Inclining me to roam ;  
Birds, trees, and sweet perfume invite  
To ramble far from home.

At play, beside the dingle brook,  
An urchin troop I spied ;  
A thread and pin, his line and hook,  
One tiny angler tried.

With ever-baffled toil to wile  
The craftier minnow race,—  
Fair, curly haired, blue eyed, a smile  
Still winnowing o'er his face.

Playmates were jeering him, but no !  
He would not be subdued ;  
I watch'd him long, 'twas time to go—  
My wanderings were pursued.

Full many a mile, the sun was high  
When I this path retraced ;  
There stood the little fisher-boy  
Just where I left him placed.

Still, every throw fresh hope supplied,  
And still the eager eye  
Followed each ripple of the tide,  
And still the prey shot by.

The gazer o'er that woodland scene,  
Could rest upon no spot,  
When Nature's most enchanting sheen  
Of loveliness was not ;

But eye, thought, fancy, all were spell'd  
By that fair boy alone,  
Still standing where I last beheld,  
His every playmate gone ;

His minnow chase, his flashing smile,  
Hopes baff'd, ever new !  
The ardour of his fruitless toil—  
A faithful portrait drew !



"'Twas pretty though 'twas sad" to see

How artlessly he *play'd*

His future youth's sure history---

But deeper musing sway'd;

Four years he scarce had number'd; boy!

So persevering now,

Will good or ill, that *Will* employ

When manhood shades thy brow?

TO A YOUNG AND HIGHLY GIFTED  
PROFESSIONAL PIANIST.

OH thou ! entrusted with that voice from heaven  
Music's sweet ministry—revere its worth !  
Thou dost not, canst not, deem such mission given  
Simply to yield the idlers of the earth  
A transient banquet—wreathing *thee* the while  
With blooming flatt'ries from fair lips and eyes !—  
A nobler meed invites thy tuneful toil—  
Seraphs are watching thee in yonder skies,  
And wooing thee to join their deathless harmonies.

Thou wield'st a mighty pow'r with facile grace,—  
The soul of music issues from thy shell !  
“What passion cannot music raise or quell ?”  
Nerve valour, soften love—exalt, debase !—  
Like the fam'd poison tree, a breathing death,  
If sense alone tune and inhale it—gales  
Of Paradise not more salubrious breath,  
Than this sweet aerial mystery exhales,  
When mingling with the chords *the giver's praise* pre-  
vails.

What of their blest employ, dwellers above  
In sunless light and happiness, know we,  
Save that around th' Eternal's throne they move  
In circling choirs of grateful minstrelsy ?  
The favor'd shepherd king in music spoke  
His praise and prophecy who came to save—  
'Twas angel music wond'ring Beth'lem woke  
With the glad tidings that unbound the grave:—  
High, holy eloquence !—be vow'd to him who gave !  
The Eastern bird\* that hovers in the air,  
And draws his food from flow'rs, will ne'er alight;—  
So tenderly he guards his plumage rare  
From earthly stain ! and ye, oh spirits bright !  
Oh happy spirits ! who at will can bathe  
Yourselves in harmony, and in the flow  
Of that pure element delighted lave,  
Soar, soar apart, from all things base and low !  
No earthly fires should blend with that diviner glow !

---

\* The Bird of Paradise.

Nor deem the monitory verse unkind !

Thy worth, young harmonist ! inspires the lay—  
The finest sense, the genius most refin'd,

See least the perils of life's crowded way :  
They are not of the crowd—they tower above,

And look beyond—they dread not what they scorn !  
But fatal incense they are form'd to love,

—Whose perfum'd clouds oft dim th' enthusiast's  
morn,

And turn to sorrow's show'rs what seem'd all heaven-  
ly born !

## SONNET.

## THE YOUNG LOVERS.

THEY grew together like two fair spring flow'rs  
Rear'd on one sunny bank—their childish hours  
Nourish'd the innocent perfume of their loves,  
Till each to each the breath of life became :—  
Consenting fortune smil'd upon their flame,

And Hymen waits, and Friendship's voice approves ;  
When, for short parting, hasty summons came,—  
But no distrust, no pang prophetic rose ;—  
To their young cloudless hopes 'twas almost sweet  
To say adieu—so soon again to meet—

Alas, alas ! too soon !—ere ev'ning's close,  
Came back the lover !—mangl'd, pale and dead—  
That sight !—one dart of agony it throws !

And like a startl'd bird her gentle spirit fled.

## ON A WITHERED FLOWER.

FORLORN severed blossom, where now is thy blooming ?

Thy triumph of beauty so lately display'd ?

Thy safe hedge-row bow'r, thou had'st still been perfuming,

Had'st thou rested content with thy peers in the shade.

But fond to be noticed, inviting thy ruin,

Thy gadding young stem o'er the border would stray !

I pluck'd thee, and prais'd thee, my ramble pursuing,

I tir'd of thy perfume, and threw thee away.

Yet pensive I view thee, thus thanklessly blighted,

Thy fate and thy folly sad emblems provide ;

Thou tell'st of vain beauty, so often requited

With ruin and wreck, for her moment of pride.



## SONNET—NIGHT.

O'ER the smooth lake, the sun declining throws  
His parting radiance—stretching to the west  
That lovely mirror lies in calm repose,  
Like a fair beauty in her night-robe dress'd ;  
The latest wing, home journeying, and the sound  
Of one lone straggler of the bleating train,  
Have faintly mov'd the stillness gathering round,  
And now night settles on the silent plain.  
But comes with night the silence of the soul ?  
See, one by one, the stars put forth their light !  
So she, th' undying, tracks them where they roll  
Through darkness, with high thoughts, quick  
springing bright,  
And loves the solemn hour and bids it hail,  
More than the morning's light, or evening's spicy  
gale.



## ELEGIAC,

ON REVISITING THE BANKS OF THE ESK, AFTER AN  
ABSENCE OF SOME YEARS.

FAIR native river ! long in distant lands,  
Haunting my dreams---and do I once again  
Hear the sweet music of your pebbly sands ?  
Thro' all my change, dost thou unchang'd remain ?

Ocean has been between us, and the throngs  
Of other shores---and some, alas ! how dear !  
Yet still to thee one crowning spell belongs---  
Life's morning records were collected here..

Yes ! fresh again the sunny scenes of youth---  
The sights, the sounds, that vernal fancy fed,  
Appear before me in their native truth,  
But Hope, that promis'd more---th' enchanter's  
fled.

And memory consecrates each smiling scene,  
And young affections hallow glade and grove---  
Brighter and darker landscapes intervene—  
But *here* were nurs'd the buds of hope and love.

As on this grassy bank, reclin'd at ease,  
I trace life's vernal blooms that spring no more!—  
What long-lost voices mingle with the breeze!  
What shades of childhood tenant ev'ry shore!

Where yonder thicket spreads its tangled shade,  
Weaving wild garlands as we rov'd along,  
Forgotten Henry! hast thou often stray'd,  
And cheer'd our toilless labours with thy song:---

Forgotten! No! need not these whisp'ring bow'rs  
Mem'ry of thee---my earliest! to disclose---  
The *friend*---first 'called---of childhood's guileless  
hours

Who e'er forgot---or life's first gather'd rose?

Ah! featly tripping o'er yon daisied green,  
What troops of youthful life were wont to play,  
Who there, alas! shall never more be seen---  
Swept by the two-edged scythe of fate away!

Conven'd within the village school, no more  
Their well-remember'd faces shall I see,  
Murm'ring and bending o'er the arduous lore,  
Exchang'd for whisper'd hopes and looks of glee.

When welcome I, who never shall again!  
Among them enter'd, chart'ring merriment,  
To ask the birth-day holiday, and gain  
With speech well conn'd, "the master's" slow  
consent.

Then, what gay transport fir'd the urchin throng!  
Then, what proud triumph thrill'd my childish  
breast,

When rushing forth, Esk's winding marge along—  
I joined the race; as frolic as the rest!

Their master, too, was mine—a foe to sport,  
Austerely honest—hardly, when at home  
He dealt his horn book to the *gentler* sort,  
Would he abate the pedant's stately tone.

We lov'd, but fear'd him more—but happy years!  
To which through life affection fondly leans,  
Your faery charm the rudest hind endears,  
Whose image mingles with those sunny scenes—

And warm'd by mem'ry, for acquaintance old

I sought his home—his home ! it was not there—  
The hour-glass and the scythe his story told ;

His rule was o'er—the rul'd, where were they ?  
where ?

Some, in the church-yard green beside him lay,

A sterner despot had abridg'd their date ;  
And some, adventurous hopes led far away,  
And none could tell me of their after fate :—

One fav'rite peasant girl—a rosy child,

Whose heart and hand my slightest beck could  
bring,  
Still prompt to mischief, thoughtless still and wild,  
But gay and guileless as the bird on wing—

I found her now, a matron stern and rude,

Whose sullen glance my greeting coldly paid ;—  
Time, time and thronging ills, had chang'd her mood,  
And sadness sat, where dimpling mirth once play'd.

On that pale cheek and brow, no trace remain'd

Of fair-hair'd Mary—but the hand of care  
Had written bitterness ; and worse ! proclaim'd  
That many a with'ring passion had been there.

Yet tho' thus chang'd, tho' ev'n my form forgot,  
—Mem'ry for her had still some kindly rays ;  
Within her chill, half-lighted, dreary cot,  
I heard and felt a voice of other days ;

A poor convulsive baby dying lay,  
Round which all fondly did her arms entwine,  
Still murm'ring forth its name—and need I say,  
A thrill crept o'er my heart—that name was mine !

Oh, faithful memory ! thy guardian pow'r  
Fosters for all some flowers that will not fade !  
Oft thou'rt the friend, in sorrow's darkest hour,  
To soothe the heart all others have betray'd.

Talk not of mem'ry's pain—she's sad but sweet—  
A holy kindness mingles with her tears ;  
Within her spar-lit grot th' long-parted meet,  
—And banquet on the best of former years ;---

Ev'n the lost wretch whom hope no more may bless,  
Whom vice has plunder'd of each mark divine,  
Turns to some days of youthful happiness,  
That yield him pride to think "These once were  
mine."

## THE BLIND TWINS.

To commune with fair Nature forth I stray'd,  
While dews were clinging still on bloom and blade,  
Morning was up, but yet no living sound  
Disturb'd the holy calmness breathing round ;  
It seem'd as Nature paused in silent pray'r,  
To bless her beauteous offspring slumb'ring there—  
Hill, dale, and valley, stream and leafy bow'r,  
Bask'd in the brightness of that lonely hour.  
A beckoning lane my willing footsteps led  
To shadier paths, where nestling violets shed  
Their morning incense on the vernal air—  
When lo ! sweet sounds broke forth, I knew not  
where—

Voices of singing childhood warbling clear,  
And loud, and joyous, were approaching near !  
They seem to travel with me ! hid from view  
By the thick screen the leafy hedge-row drew ;  
Like rival robins on a summer spray,  
One sang, another echoing back the lay,



In pleasant strife! innocent words they sang  
In nature's praise, and all the valley rang!  
A tinkling sheep-bell jarr'd their silvery strain,—  
They paused, then laugh'd, then carrol'd blithe  
again.—

Need it be told that longings rose to see  
The artless tuners of that minstrelsy,  
Making the morning happy with their glee.  
Oh blessed tones of youth, may no alloy  
Ruder than sheep-bells mar your guileless joy!  
No unkind future spoil that concord sweet!  
And now the lane is turn'd, and now we meet:  
Forth issuing from the shade, and hand in hand,  
Before my eyes two twin-like urchins stand;  
Fair curling locks are waving unconfined  
O'er ruddy dimpled cheeks—but both are---blind!  
Oh! what a touching spectacle was there!  
And yet—vain pity! idle tears!—forbear;  
Why mourn for them the light of day unknown,  
Who share so bright a sunshine of their own?  
No need have they to gaze on flow'rs and fields,  
Nature for them a happier birth-right yields;—  
To feel her freshness, taste her balmy air,  
See no dark clouds, and fancy all things fair.



## A GRANDFATHER'S DIRGE.

BELOVED, thou art gone—never again

Thy dove-like voice shall hover round me here !  
Spring is abroad, fresh flow'rs are on the plain,  
But thou a sweeter far, and oh ! how dear !  
Sever'd from light and life liest lone and drear.

Maidens, approach her tomb ! 'tis sculptur'd o'er

With roses, lilies, and the violet blue—

And if ye would unfold their emblem lore—

Know, she was modest, fair, and heavenly true,  
“ Sweet to the sense, and lovely to the view.”\*

*Passion* has many a mood—the grief that flows

From aged eyes upon young graves,—but *one*—

'Tis utter hopelessness—the star that rose

On the benighted, way-worn traveller's gone,

And thou hast left me, love ! all dark and lone !

---

\* Otway.

I wish'd to say farewell,—it need not be !  
For I shall soon be with thee where thou art ;  
I wish'd that deathless verse might trophy thee—  
Oh fond and vain ambition ! tears but start,  
And the low murmurs of a breaking heart !

## SONNET.—THE SWALLOW.

By Spring's first sun-beam from her wintry rest,  
Lo! wak'd to toil th' industrious swallow hies  
To seek a shelter for her clayey nest,  
And for her curious masonry, supplies :  
She cleaves the air with steady speed, and gay  
Gathers her insect prey, still journeying on,  
Sips, as she skims the river, on her way,  
Prattles to passers by, but halts with none.  
'Tis done, 'tis tenanted, that little dome !  
With duty still untir'd her young she rears ;  
Prunes and instructs the unfledg'd wing to roam,  
Then ends her destin'd task, and disappears.  
O ! boastful reason, loitering life away,  
See how poor instinct fills her humbler day !

## SONNET.

THROUGH the long night, all sleepless and opprest,  
The fever'd sufferer gladdens still to hear  
The clock slow tolling, and he deems him blest  
As tells the waning lamp that morning's near :  
" Another hour, and day, and man will wake,  
Bring light, bring change, to soothe this lonely  
strife---"

O sad blind solace that the weary take,  
Counting their perish'd hours, the drops of life !  
But what says Health amid her sunny day,  
Her bloom of energies and fancies fair ?  
And does *she* never wish the hours away,  
Nor find *the present* burdensome to bear ?  
O feverish pulses of th' immortal breast,  
Not here, not here, your throbbings may have rest !

## TO THE MEMORY OF P. L.

ANOTHER wave of time has borne  
A lov'd one to her place of rest—  
Her rest?—Oh weep not!—rather mourn  
The 'wilder'd living, than the blest.

She knew in whom she trusted,—she  
Shar'd that blest vision Faith bestows,  
Which guides life's current temp'rately,  
And sheds a halo on its close.

Her morn was fair, her noon was bright ;—  
Undimm'd, unfaded, pass'd away  
Her wealth of mind, her beauty's light,  
As gems too costly for decay.

What had she not, that life could strew  
Around her path, of good and fair?  
Its darker hour she never knew,  
And all its choicest blooms were there.

The seal of fate is on them now !—

Her bed of transient woe was blest—  
Pity and love, with murmurs low,  
And angel-whispers, brought her rest.

As on the canvas Beauty glows  
Fairest and fix'd, tho' life be past,—  
Her happiest moment memory chose,  
And took her loveliest likeness last ;

And there she lay so calm, so fair,  
So like a virgin saint in sleep,—  
Who could disturb that holy air  
With passion's sighs, or dare to weep ?

It seem'd as if the lifeless clay  
Her own pure spirit's hands had drest,  
Had hover'd o'er with fond delay,  
And then a parting kiss impress'd.

No dearest ! I'll not weep for thee,—  
White robes, a seraph's crown are thine—  
One of a glorious company !  
Oh ! would thy blessed lot were mine !



## ST. MARY'S KIRK-YARD—SELKIRKSHIRE.

O LAY me there, O lay me there,  
 When the blink is out now feebly lowing,\*  
 Where naething stirs but the moorland air  
 The dead wi' wither'd leafies strowing!

I hae had eneuch o' stir and din—  
 I wad na be laid whar neebours gather!  
 There's peace, there's peace, by the lanely linn,  
 A bonnie grave-bed is the heather.

\* St. Mary's loch lies shimmering still,  
 But St. Mary's Kirk-bell's lang dune ringing;  
 There's naething now but the grave-stane hill,  
 To tell o' a' their loud psalm-singing;

The plover wails where gossips met,  
 And the fremitt† curlew fearless hovers  
 Where the plighted trysting hour was set—  
 O where be now the blooming lovers?

---

\* Blazing.

† Stranger, not of kin.

\* The Covenanters

This is quoted also in Black's Guide to Scotland  
 b. 595. Ed. by G. E. Mitton



And where be now the hopes and fears,  
And the dowie\* hour, and merry meeting ?  
There's naething here but the morning's tears—  
Aneth the moolst† there's nae mair greeting.‡

A calm sough's § on the loch the now,  
Where the waves were ance sic a warstle keeping ;  
And the lift|| looks down wi' her bonnie brow,  
Like a mither watching bairnies sleeping.

O lay me there, O lay me there,  
Where the dead in loneliness are lying—  
I want nae dirge but the moorland air,  
And rest, sweet rest, where nane are spying.

---

\* Heavy, sad. † Mould. ‡ Weeping. § Sighing sound.  
|| Sky.

## SCOTCH SONG.

THE bonnie bird that sings its lane,  
When ither warblers are at rest,  
In southron lands I heard its strain,  
And aye sinsyne\* it wracks my breast!

For there was ane I dearly lo'ed,  
Wha sang like her in shades retir'd,  
Whose modesty my heart subdu'd,  
Whose charms my youthfu' fancy fir'd,

Wha, lilting† to the closing flowers,  
A sweeter flow'r! was seen to bloom—  
But low she lies, and memory pours  
A wail incessant o'er her tomb.

O bonnie bird! I fain wad hear  
Your artless music ance again.  
I listen—there's no warbler near—  
I gaze---my sun has left the plain.

---

\* Ever since.

† Singing.

## THE DESERTED NEST.

THE cold, the desolate nest,  
Left on the leafless tree,  
How like the lonely widow'd breast !  
Surviving but to see

Its summer hopes all fled and gone, their shelter  
pass'd away,  
To wither through the wintry hours in sorrowful  
decay.

O how like summer leaves  
Hiding the nestling's home,  
The halo round young love deceives !  
Youth deems there ne'er will come

To him the dark unfriendly sky, nor plund'rer's  
hand invade  
The bower of downy happiness, where love's first  
home was made.

But if the wintry wind  
Have stripp'd that happy bow'r,  
Still mem'ry's fibres there are twin'd  
Through ev'ry changing hour :  
The heart whose wreck of love and life fond me-  
mory sustains,  
May linger long, but evermore untenanted remains.

## A MOTHER'S DIRGE.

NO. I.

WHAT to me are daisies springing?  
Lambs that frolic o'er the lea?  
Merle and throstle gaily singing?—  
Bring they aught of joy to me?  
Ah! such sights and sounds of gladness,  
Warbling groves, and flowery bloom,  
Mock the mourner's settled sadness,—  
Mock the winter of the tomb!

Hush'd she lies, whose notes resounding  
Vernal joy, could most delight;—  
Still she lies, who, blithely bounding,  
Chas'd the swallow on his flight:—  
She, whose buds of soul and feature  
Far more precious! charm'd my view,  
Breathes no more the breath of nature—  
Sleeps beneath the mournful yew.

Lambkins ! near the turf resorting,  
Where my darling's ashes are,  
Gaze awhile, nor cease your sporting !  
Kindred innocence lies there !  
Not unenvying can I view ye,  
All unconsciously at play ;  
Grief, nor care, nor thought pursue ye,  
Thro' your brief and jocund day.

Ev'ry birth of Spring that's breathing,—  
Ev'ry eye that meets the sun,—  
Ev'ry shoot its tendrils wreathing,  
That has yet its course to run :—  
Glitt'ring myriads all employing,  
Nature's boon and bounteous store ;—  
All, a share of time enjoying,  
Tell me, darling ! thine is o'er.

## THE OUTCAST.

“How the tempest tears the deep !  
How the skies in anguish weep !  
Hark ! how howls the surly tide !  
—From the tempest haste and hide.”  
“From the tempest hide ? but where  
Hide me from the fiend Despair ?  
Where’s the shed in which to find  
Shelter for the outrag’d mind ?”  
—“Oh ! you know not what you say !  
From destruction haste away :—  
*Passion’s* flood will cease its roar,—  
Ebbing *life* returns no more !”  
“Cease thee ! cease thee ! need I live  
When life has not a hope to give ?  
When crush’d by anguish, all my pow’r  
Is but to curse my natal hour ?  
Oh ! may ruin strip the plain  
Where life beckon’d me in vain !  
May tempests blast the roof, the tree,  
That in childhood shelter’d me !



Save thyself!—if aught be thine  
To sweeten life—a curse is mine,—  
A curse that quells the throb of fear :—  
Save thyself! I perish here.”  
—“ Art thou fit to rush unbidden  
Before the awful bar of Heaven,  
Whose bosom frantic passion thrones,  
Whose purpose—mercy’s self disowns?  
Free hand, free will the Almighty gave,  
But mission’d conscience guards the grave;  
Art thou so bold, to force that bourne  
When conscience cries aloud, Return?  
Art thou so poor, to sink oppress  
When mercy whispers, “ Peace and Rest ?”  
“ Peace, no wretched man can have—  
Rest, is only in the grave !—  
“ When poison taints the lab’ring breath,  
Where is med’cine but in death ?”  
—“ Oh ! be mindful what I say !  
From destruction haste away :—  
Think of the father, love, or friend,  
Wailing o’er thy wretched end !  
How Religion’s sons will weep,  
Thy thoughtless reason lull’d to sleep,

Thy daring curses !—think, oh think !—  
How thou stand'st on judgment's brink !"  
—" My pity urge not !—none there be  
Would shed one sorrowing drop for me :  
And can *they* blame disdain of life,  
Who paint so well earth's hell-born strife ?  
Hear me ! wild rocks, wild waves, attend !  
I have no father, love, nor friend :—  
I, who breath'd love to all mankind,  
One faithful heart could never find ;  
And now, each prop of life o'erthrown,  
'Mid this dark world I stand alone !  
I had a father—dearly lov'd !—  
His curse, his cruel curse, I prov'd ;  
And while, to soothe his rage I tried,  
Warm with that cruel curse he died !  
I had a friend—he stabb'd my heart !—  
He wrong'd me in the dearest part ;  
Then drew his sword—Fate wielded mine,  
And stamp'd me with the murd'rer's crime.  
My love ! oh, never lovelier maid  
Was by beauty's hands arrayed !  
O ! never lips so sweetly smil'd  
Since the first Adam was beguil'd !

Never had sainted virgin fair,  
So innocent, so pure an air.  
All charms, we picture as divine,  
Were *her's*—and I believ'd *her* mine.—  
For *her*, my father's curse I bore—  
For *her*, my friend I own'd no more ;  
But by *her* to be repaid,  
Cancell'd *all*, delusion said.  
O, judge my suffering !---calm and cold  
*She* left me ! Had the false one told  
Why *she* thus parted—had *she* said  
*She* griev'd to wrong the wretch *she* made—  
Had but one sigh refus'd controul,  
One look disclos'd the pitying soul—  
Had *she* some unknown wrong reprov'd—  
Had sorrow, even in anger mov'd ;—  
I might have brook'd this outcast state,  
But cold indifference was fate !  
Indifference, that mocks at woe,  
Forbids the soothing tear to flow,—  
The soothing tear might balm impart,  
To allay the fever'd heart ;  
But me doth no such balm relieve,  
Whom tears nor give, nor tears receive ;

And can I live but scenes to see  
That bloom nor smile, nor droop for me?  
No! sterile world! I bid adieu  
To faithless friends, chill'd love and you."  
He said, and dashing from the steep,  
Sought refuge in the yawning deep;  
The angry billows drest his grave,  
And howling winds a requiem gave.

FREE TRANSLATION  
OF AN ANCIENT LAPLAND SONG, ENTITLED  
"The Praises of Nebat's Lovers."

AH ! let not flatt'ring tongues destroy  
The calm, my Nebat, of our love !—  
Let the frail emblems they employ  
In beauty's praise, its pride reprove.

One tells you, on the feather'd snow  
Your flying footsteps leave no trace ;—  
Another swears your tresses flow,  
Like sunbeams round an angel's face.

"Your sled," they say, "is like the gale,  
That wafts along the balms of spring ;  
The careful fisher drops his sail—  
The sea-birds listen when you sing.

The rugged genius of the rocks,  
Tries to allure you to his cave ;  
But all his art your beauty mocks—  
Girt round by the devoted brave.”—

These are the praises youth bestows  
On youthful charms that will not last !  
Soon Nebat ! melt the feather'd snows,  
The sunbeams fly when comes the blast,

Spring blossoms have but transient bloom ;—  
The song will fail—the sled decay ;—  
The gale will cease to waft perfume,  
And soon must beauty fade away !

And who will praise you then ? I will !  
Smile but on me with constant heart,  
And, Nebat ! I will love thee still,  
Though ev'ry other charm depart.



## THE SKY-LARK.

THE lark foresakes the woodland quire,  
And heavenward soars away;  
And sweeter as she rises higher,  
Her notes thro' ether stray;  
Her trembling wing—her gradual swell—  
Her solemn, joyous airs;  
Her tow'ring flight,—all plainly tell  
The errand that she bears.  
Alone she travels, all alone  
She warbles unconfin'd;  
So piety ascends the throne—  
So leaves the world behind!  
Oh! if as pure of heart could I  
Her morning flight attend,  
I'd join that hermit of the sky,  
And never more descend.



## THE WIDOW'S SON.

## A FRAGMENT.

OH yes ! full well I know !

And yet to tell you how she lost her wits—

I am a mother too—to think on't, but !—

It almost crazes me.

You see that coat—

That little tatter'd garment, fondly press'd

Beneath her wither'd arm ? you hear her moans,

In shuddering fitful sounds, as one by fear,

Or shivering cold, ceaselessly moved ?

Her look—

Her hurrying look, still coursing, downwards

Bent, as if in eager search of somewhat lost ?—

Such has she been since e'er one fatal night,

Three years ago :—It was the winter time,

And bitter, bitter cold,—but clear the sky,

And the bright moonlight, o'er the frosty green

Strew'd all with glitt'ring sparks, was blythe to see.

The village boys, clam'rous at busy play,  
Tried the new ice, or shouted in the ring;—  
And all were out, save this poor widow's son—  
Her only one!—of many a vanished hope—  
Nature's and fortune's wreck—all that remain'd!  
By his fond mother's anxious side detain'd,  
Eager he listen'd to the joyous rout,  
Yet duteous staid, obedient to her wish,  
And strove to reason down the rebel will:—  
For sweetly could he reason, justly think!  
He was indeed a creature fit for heaven,  
(Be it not sinful to deem any such!)—  
Just eight years old,—but wise beyond his years,  
He might have counsell'd ancients, taught the learn'd:  
    With love to man, and gratitude to God  
His infant mind o'erflow'd; already fraught  
With the best lore—best by the simple known!  
Innocent creature! often did he wish  
'T had been his lot to join the favor'd train  
Of those blest martyrs, who, in holy writ,  
Follow'd and shar'd the counsels of their Lord;—  
Or that an infant Samuel he had been—  
The highly honour'd Samuel, call'd of God;—  
If better in the temple he might shun

The snares, the perils of a guilty world :  
\* “ For still I think it hard—but do not blame me—”  
(Thus, prematurely reasoning, would he say),  
“ That helpless creatures should be so beset ;  
That an eternity of woe should be  
The doom of him whose time’s, alas, so short.”  
Then for the wicked flow’d his full heart’s tear,  
And then he’d bless his mother’s pious care,  
Who taught him still to seek the better road.

He loved his mother most devotedly ;—  
Whole hours he’d sit in patience by her side  
If sick or sad ;—fly to obey her look,—  
Or wish, half-hinted, fully understood.  
His dreams of manhood all were full of her ;  
His daily, nightly wish to prove his love  
By some great deed, to fame unknown before.  
(O, lovely visions of untainted youth !  
Shoots of th’ immortal tree in Eden lost,  
Ye may not ripen here ; or if he could,  
’T were Paradise again, and heaven forgot !)  
Yet was the vernal candour of his soul

---

\* This really was the reasoning, and the character of a boy of eight years.

A bloom peculiar,—sweet o'er all the rest :  
—I well remember, once, when all intent,  
Glowing and tearful, he sat listening  
A tale romantic, of infantine worth,  
Set off with moving art ; how a young son,  
Mounted before his father, forest drear  
Was journeying---when behold ! the monster,  
Oft described, long-dreaded, rush'd upon them---  
A famish'd wolf in hunger's desp'rate might ;---  
“One of us two must die,---we need not both !—  
Fly ! comfort my poor mother !” cried that boy,  
And from his father's vainly clasping arms  
He sprang---and perished ;  
William, all sympathy, warm with the thought  
That life were barter'd cheaply for such gain  
Of beautiful renown,---who well could feel  
The generous impulse of that dauntless son,  
Had yet the nobler courage to disclaim  
Untried, an equal soul---and when, secure  
Of equal love, his mother question'd him,  
“Could'st *thou* do so ?” he falter'd, hung his head,  
And thus replied ; “Mother, I fear me no !---  
Often I've thought that I for you could die,  
But then---I never saw a wolf so near ;---”

And then he wept to own that coward heart---  
And *I* must weep to think how sweet he was !---  
And then his prettiness of voice and look,  
His thoughtful eye, beaming with youthful light,  
His snowy brow, shaded by raven curls,  
The guileless smile of cherub infancy  
In lovely contrast with his speech sedate,---  
But most, the father's image that he bore---  
Oh ! 'tis small wonder that she lost her wits,  
Or that maternal love, survivor still,  
Ceaselessly haunted by one ghastly hour !  
Clasps with tenacious care that last worn shred  
Of earthly substance, once this darling child's !  
But from my story I have widely stray'd ;---  
I take it up :---Alas ! there's no perfection,  
For sinful taint infects each mortal birth ;  
This boy, so rich in early rectitude  
Of thought and wish, had yet a stubborn will ;  
Which, haply, years and culture had subdued  
To manly firmness, virtue's best defence,  
But, unmatu'r'd, he would at times display  
The *Tempter's* power in moods of frowardness,  
Short-liv'd and seldom, but heaven will'd it, fatal.  
His moonlight sports were ever dearly lov'd,



And now, the ice, his mother's dread, increas'd  
The fond temptation ; meanwhile long he sat  
Reproving busy thought in penance sore,  
When to their casement came a merry rout,  
Praying him forth ; and now subdued, he tried,  
With speech importunate, and playful wile,  
To change his fearful parent's hard decree ;  
“ The ice three nights had harden'd ; ev'ry boy,  
Of half his age, had tried it o'er and o'er ;  
The pond so shallow was, it would not drown  
A lamb.” “ Go then, and drown !” the mother cry'd,  
Wearied at length, half smiling, inly vex'd,  
“ Thou'lt have thy will, then wreak it on thy self.”  
The advantage wrongly gain'd, the headstrong boy  
Now blush'd to yield, though conscious of his fault ;  
And jestfully replying, I'll obey !  
Fleet as an arrow bounded o'er the plain,  
Feigning to seek the distant river road.  
Their sole domestic startled—now pursu'd ;—  
For slipp'ry was the path, steep the descent,  
And night, and chilling air, increas'd the dread :  
The truant saw her fear, and as she near'd,  
Still devious fled ;---till baffled she return'd,  
Tir'd in th' unequal race. Fearless at first,

The anxious mother deem'd this frolic flight  
Would soon be o'er, and trusted in her child ;  
For never long the conscious waywardness  
Usurp'd his breast. She sat her down : nine hours  
Had struck, yet still he came not near. Retir'd  
To rest, each wearied urchin from the green  
Withdrew, and all was hush'd. The clock tick'd on,  
The purring cat, the neighbour dogs, patting  
O'er frosty snow—the faintest living sound  
Quickened her pulse---in vain ! still 'twas not he !  
And now, already more than half insane,  
But struggling to be calm, she hurried forth ;  
Dread was the stillness of that fearful hour,  
And clear, and cold, and pitiless the scene,  
When by the moon, still looking brightly on,  
She trac'd the foot-prints of her vanish'd child !  
And now a shadow magnified by fear,  
And now a fancied sound, gave transient hope,  
Then horror rush'd amain ! Oh ! what a crowd  
Of hideous flighty thoughts press'd her wild brain !  
I may not picture them !

The slipp'ry steep,  
The spot where ceas'd those prints so wildly sought,



(A hopeless precipice !) proclaim'd his fate---  
The river roll'd beneath, whose hollow moan  
Of dirge-like gurgling, was the sole reply  
Her frenzied shrieks e'er gain'd.

## A MOTHER'S DIRGE.

NO. II.

I'LL pluck, sweet Love ! another flow'r for thee,  
    (If poesy have flow'rs my hand may reach :)  
While Spring remains, in ev'ry bloom I see,  
    There's that which to my sadden'd heart doth  
        teach,  
    More than the loftiest orator could preach !  
Leaf follows leaf, and flower succeeds to flow'r,  
    And nature sheds on all, her smile and tear :  
On the fresh rose alike, and her whose hour  
    Is past ; whose relics lie on their cold earthy bier.

Yes ! the pale sever'd leaf partakes the dews  
    That nurse the expanding bud, the ripen'd bloom ;  
Nor mine the niggard breast that can refuse  
    Thy share of love, tho' mould'ring in the tomb :---  
Thee, summer suns shall never more illume,

But tears shall fall, and sighs for thee shall heave,  
And warm in mem'ry's bed I'll cherish thee.  
Till this fond bosom lose the pow'r to grieve,  
And earth's brief joys and cares, alike forgotten be !

Yet mourn I not, as those of hope bereft,---  
Blest hope ! that consecrates the Christian's dust :  
Sad, but not comfortless, my soul is left ;---  
Father of Love ! I know in whom I trust ;---  
My pious child rejoices with the just !  
He who on little children deigned to lay  
His blessed hands, and called them heirs of heav'n,  
Forbids a doubt to cloud my lonely way---  
Her infant pray'rs were heard ! O be my tears for-  
giv'n.

## ROSALIND.

## A FRAGMENT.

SHE pass'd me twice, e'er she could supplicate ;  
She seem'd no common mendicant ; pale woe,  
That fed upon her cheek, had not subdued  
The loftiness of soul, that fill'd her eye,  
Tho' 'twas o'er cast ; and as she me surveyed  
With doubting gaze, that eye said, mildly sad,  
“ 'Tis hard to beg ! ” I stopped and question'd her ;  
The mite I gave, seem'd to have wak'd the thought  
That “ few had been so kind ; ” and tears rush'd forth,  
Which hastily she wip'd ; as though she scorn'd  
Vain pity to excite, or yield to aught,  
Of needless feeling—“ The unfortunate,”  
She said, “ think their lots each the bitterest ;  
And mine, perhaps, seems bitterer to me,  
Than neutral reason would admit.”—Again  
She thank'd me meekly, and proceeded.—

My heart was strangely mov'd—I follow'd her,  
I pray'd her to relate her tale of woe ;  
To trust my pity ; feeling warmer grew,  
I proffered to redress her wrongs, to be  
Her future friend and guide.

Stedfast she gaz'd  
Upon me as I spoke, her pale cheek glow'd,  
A sudden brightness kindled in her eye ;  
No more the mendicant, her air, became  
The forest oak, recov'ring from the blast,  
That calms his shaken tresses, and resumes  
His pride—"Many there are," she said, "like thee  
Would pity me, thus fall'n—but art thou he,  
That would have spar'd that fall? O, pity comes  
Too late, that cannot save!"

My poor forsaken, long-lost Rosalind !  
The flower I cropt, and then with barb'rous change  
Neglected—O, 'twas she ! 'Twas she, who now,  
With a disdain too proud for anger, with  
The conscious triumph of superior mind,  
Its error master'd ; refused the friendship  
Of a false betrayer ; his penitence  
Disdain'd to hear, bade him adieu, and fled :  
Not backward was my speed, and I o'ertook her ,

Her energies were all exhausted now ;  
Pale, trembling, speechless, death hung o'er her  
face ;

When first I saw that face 'twas fair and gay !  
I caught the tott'ring ruin—It was I,  
Had undermin'd it—justly punish'd  
'Twas I, received its fall !

Never since that hour, has gladness reach'd my  
heart.

## SONNET.

My darling boy ! light of my sinking heart !  
Through shades of hov'ring death, still sweet to me !  
Tho' from thy dearer father warn'd to part,  
Death seems more cruel when I gaze on thee !  
Yet thou, (the only one of all I love !)  
Wilt sigh not, pause not, drop for me no tear—  
A broken toy, a scatter'd flow'r, will move  
In thee more sorrow than thy mother's bier !  
Fantastic thought ! and yet how strangely sad—  
That when in death's cold clasp, all faded lies,  
Thy youthful mother—once in thee how glad !  
Thou may'st as now, gaze on with laughing eyes—  
Peering on arduous tip-toe o'er her bed—  
Unconscious that she never more shall rise !



## THE MISANTHROPE.

I WAS not born to hate my kind—

Love was my native element !

The visions of my youthful mind

Were all with passion blent ;

But 'twas a passion pure and high,

And boundless as eternity.

I lov'd—I lov'd all living things,

The veriest wretch I could not hate !

I wept my own imaginings

Of the bereft heart's dreary state—

I would have toil'd in mine, on wave,

One being from that lot to save.

The childish thought, that many a flow'r

Gave me "good morrow !" as I gaz'd,

Long, long surviv'd the childish hour—

And if in summer-tide I rais'd

Glad looks to heaven, the sunny sky

Seem'd lovingly to make reply.

The birds that glanc'd from bow'r or tree,  
The happy birds ! my kindred were,  
They wing'd spirits seem'd to be,  
And I their joyous flight could share—  
All nature had a voice to move  
My echoing heart—and that was love !

O how it smote, and chill'd, and wrung  
That trusting heart, when one by one  
The gems of fancy were unstrung  
By cruel hands ! and life's stripp'd zone,  
On which they lay with fond caress,  
Appear'd in native barrenness.

The love that could not change—grew cold !  
The friendship unto death—had fled  
Ere its first rising moon wax'd old—  
The few were number'd with the dead,  
Who “ promis'd better things ”—and they—  
O who could wish their longer stay ?

To linger, when the light is gone !  
Upon a dreary, sea-beat shore—  
To search for summer flow'rs where none  
For them shall ever blossom more—

To listen to the stranger young,  
Speaking as in a foreign tongue,

To see the throngs of joy and care,  
Like troops of sea-birds flitting by,  
Whitening and darkening through the air,  
But creatures of another sky !  
To see gay maskers tread the floor,  
When the heart's music is no more ;

To be the ice upon the wave,  
While a hush'd current flows beneath,  
Dark, mournful, powerless as the grave,  
Which only to itself may breathe  
Sounds that no more to earth belong—  
Such is their lot who live too long !

And they have liv'd too long, who find  
Their treasury of hope is spent—  
They gaze upon all humankind,  
Like letters on a monument  
Repeating to the vacant air,  
That dust and hollowness are there.

## THE CONVICT PRISON LAMP.

LONE, silent watcher of the curtain'd hours,  
One lamp, one lamp, a streaming radiance pours  
Waveless and constant—through my wakeful night,  
Rise when I will, that lamp is burning bright !  
Was it a beacon-light I ask'd, that flame?  
When stranger to the city first I came,  
Many a throng'd street I passed peril'd by shade,  
This high-hung star still gorgeously display'd !  
The only one, of lights beneath the sky,  
Breaking the darkness of night's canopy :  
Sad beacon but too late ! it shines to tell  
Where stray'd and reckless wand'ers safely dwell !  
Its gloomy precincts open on a shore  
Where wrecks are past, and ventures are no more !  
With desp'rate daring many sought their doom—  
The light within was wanting—but to some  
Ev'n this waste flame a guardian beam had sped,  
Earlier beheld, or more diffusely shed !

I wake on pillow'd down, but how wake they ?  
I restless wish, they dread the coming day—  
I mourn my absent children—one is there  
Whose weeping babes her last caresses share,  
Who once was beauteous, honoured, and serene—  
Through what dark paths has that poor wand'rer  
been !

She lov'd, and was belov'd—O these few words !  
What other text such various gloss affords !  
Life's best and worst, our glory and despair,  
Poison and balm, are all included there ;  
And sad for her ! her love's young passion flower,  
Twin'd round far other than a garden bow'r !  
Guileless herself, she never dreamt that guile  
Could lurk beneath her lover's serpent smile ;  
The fruit he offer'd with such eloquent breath,  
'Twere guilt to think that it could bring her death !  
But not the first deceiver more betray'd,  
Nor a more sinless one ! in Eden's shade :  
O ! if the woman took *that apple* first,  
What thousands, thousands have through man been  
curst !

And she who trusted, wedded, toil'd for one,  
Who basely snar'd and left her—dies alone ;

Yet death—O joyfully would death be met,  
Could she in dying think him innocent yet ;  
And still her own hard doom were less to bear,  
Than the destroyer's who has brought her there—  
And as her babes her clasping arms unfold,  
Press'd to a bosom that will soon be cold !  
Ev'n while their helplessness *the mother* wrings,  
That he *is safe*, a gleam of comfort brings :  
A forger and a murd'rer ! he is gone—  
And yet the lesser crime must she atone,  
The greater—no ! she cannot, will not think—  
Cannot believe—thither lies phrenzy's brink !

True, the vile mammon is a needful ill—  
But he who said to man, "thou shalt not kill,"  
Ne'er charter'd *it* the mandate to invade,  
And "life for life" the sole exception made !  
O, Britain ! far too prodigal of life !  
Let blood be shed for blood—let mortal strife  
Have mortal vengeance—but in pity look,  
And take thy lesson from the sacred book ;  
Nor let the Hindoo scorn, the moralist blame,  
This feudal fragment of thy hist'ry's shame,  
Staining the page where light and science shine,  
With such foul tribute to th' inglorious mine.



Thou poor forlorn one ! once a father's boast—  
Deserted now by all ! bewilder'd, lost :  
Thy yielding was the bending of a flow'r,  
Before the north wind's too resistless pow'r !  
Thy fond confiding love, tho' wrongly plac'd,  
Like lily near the night-shade, was all chaste ;  
And the wild daring that betray'd thee here,  
The gen'rous hope to shelter one more dear !  
Thy love's excess was sinful—but the cloud  
Of woe and shame upon thee, will not shroud,  
From one compassioning eye, thy equal claim  
With all sin-born, to trust His gracious name ;  
Many at His tribunal—many now,  
Proudly disdaining thee, to thee will bow  
When hearts lie open, and the specious deed  
For what is lacking there, will vainly plead !  
When justice minist'ring unblinded stands,  
With scales self-poised, not held by mortal hands.

Go, prisoner releas'd ! thy chains are o'er,  
Thy trusting helplessness shall err no more !  
Go, cast thy care, thy feeble ones, on One  
Mighty to save ;—they are not left alone !  
For thee the bitterness of death is past,  
One struggle more, and thou art safe at last :—



But O, that struggle ! hide it from my view—  
Women, and young, and fair ! what cup for you !  
Alas ! alas ! yon lamp now burning bright,  
Shall still gleam on thro' many a starless night  
When she is gone ;—and from the living woe,  
The desperate breasts and darken'd minds below  
Murm'ring and struggling, in their prison gloom—  
Shall draw sad thought to her more pitiless doom.

TO MR W—— W——,

Who had made the Author some excellent Pens.

IN early days, ere pen and ink were known,  
When reeds and leaves—of trees, not books, alone  
Preserved the sage's thought, the poet's dream,  
One little hour from time's oblivious stream ;  
'Twas then no metaphor that fame might *fade*,  
And *build on reeds* his hope, a wit by trade ;  
But now, no angry skies the muse can blight,  
All who have hands and pens, may safely write ;  
And all, the golden privilege employ  
From threescore Sappho, to her grandson boy ;  
No need of toil to gain fame's high abode ;  
Parnassian steeps have now a turnpike road.

Blessings on him, great chemist of the brain !  
Whose labours first effused the sable stain,  
(Brighter than Iris with her hundred dyes),  
Which streams of immortality supplies !

Quill-bearing geese !—a blessing on your fens,  
 Rearing unconscious, earth's best harvest—pens !  
 Ceres but nourishes man's grosser part,  
 Ye "raise the genius and improve the heart."\*  
 Sheffield and Birmingham !—how great your praise !  
 Yours are the arms that prune and dress our bays !  
 Yours the Promæthean spark that wakes to life !  
 For what were geese or quills without a knife ?†  
 Ye pillars of the realm ! great in Trade's Hall !  
 Ye ragmen—paper-makers—bless ye all !  
 One mighty artist yet remains unsung,  
 But not forgot—for him the lyre was strung :  
 Vain were the ragman's travels through the land,  
 Vain the prompt neatness of the coucher's hand,‡  
 Vain the immortal "liquor much in use,"||  
 Fumes of the brain—thrice gifted to produce ;  
 Vain all the polish of the Sheffield train,

\* Prologue to Addison's *Cato*.

† "How can he cut it without e'er a knife?"—*Vide Tommy Tucker*.

‡ Coucher—a class of artists employed in paper-making, whose department requires neatness and expedition.

|| "Liquor much in use"—alluding to a *well-known* riddle.

Even Seraswati thy goose quills were vain,\*  
 Without that "last, best," unnam'd artist's aid :†  
 Quills are not pens; unless the pens be made !‡  
 Yet some there are whose muse small suit requires,  
 Nor Sheffield bellows much could mend their fires ;—  
 Great "independents on another's toil,"||  
 Some make their own, whose works no pens can  
                   spoil ;

For if a lagging thought perplex the brain,  
 They seize the knife, and "cut and come again :§  
 But some, like me, can neither make nor mend ;—  
 What wonder then, their works are badly penn'd !  
 Oh, the dire pang, when "thoughts that breathe"  
                   arrive,¶

With broken-winded, pointless pens to strive !

\* "Seraswati's Goose."—In the Hindoo Mythology, Seraswati, the wife of Brama, is commonly delineated riding upon a goose. The Goose is also the Hindoo emblem of wisdom.

† "O fairest of creation, last and best!"—Milton.

‡ "Fleas are not lobsters."—P. Pindar—not the Greek Pindar.

|| "Great independents on to-morrow's toil."—Young.

§ "Cut and come again."—Somebody of Merchant Taylors' School's Birth-day Ode to his Maria.

¶ "Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn."—Gray.

When "burning words," may burn themselves to  
death,

Ere pens are found to catch the failing breath !

William ! thy pens have eloquence so fleet,

So well thou'st plum'd her wing and shod her feet,

Henceforth, my muse's Crispin thou shalt be ;\*

Thy pens' first flight I dedicate to thee !

Priest of Lucina !—Esculapius' son !†

Whose dawn of fame is hardly yet begun,

Be this an augury of future worth !

*Numbers* to thee already owe their birth :

To thee I owe my pen, and hence 'tis plain

Thou hast at will Apollo's empire's twain ;

As o'er the muse presiding, may I see

Each rude split point in physic, smooth'd by thee !

So shalt thou live, immortal as my lays,

And numbers *yet unborn* attune thy praise.

\* This specimen of the mixed metaphor may be defended by better arguments than any the Author has at present leisure for. In a future edition, it will be shewn to have proceeded from a purer source than the artful flattery implied in the latter title of office assigned the gentleman addressed ; for, though Crispin was a Welsh king's son, as well as a shoemaker, &c., &c., &c.

† Here ought to come in as much Latin and Greek reference as the page will permit—illustrative of the young gentleman's various professional functions.

## KISHEN KOWER.

## A FRAGMENT.

See Sir J. Malcolm's "Central India."

OH! Kishen Kow'r! fair Kishen Kow'r!  
What fatal beauty was your dower!  
Through woe and crime's dark cloud, you seem  
The angel of some heavenly dream  
Dawning like morning light, and gone!—  
That breaks young hearts to think upon!

Had peaceful nature clos'd those eyes  
Whose light was like the gay gazelle,—  
And round a couch of regal state,  
Hymning your virgin obsequies,  
Had high-born maidens sooth'd your fate  
Whom they had lov'd and serv'd so well!  
Like other fair forgotten things  
When time a new succession brings,  
Your mem'ry, peerless as you were!  
A common, transient date might share:—



The fairest face, the brightest hour,  
The sweetest rose is soon forgot—  
But oh ! to see that sweetest flow'r  
Torn rudely from the shelt'ring stem,  
That fairest face, from regal bow'r  
From an awaiting diadem—  
Whom lovers worshipp'd, nations fought for, laid  
In death's cold arms, by kindred hands betray'd,  
Gives to immortal pity *her* sad lot,  
And transient hour, whose beauty dug the grave  
By thousands wept ! but none stept forth to save !

“ And is she gone ? ” the frantic city cries,  
“ Our pearl of Paradise ! our star of love ! ”  
A pause, a lengthened wail of woe replies—  
Too late ! too late ! there was no hand to move,  
No tongue to plead, erewhile—and she is gone !—  
“ My child ! my child !—oh harder hearts than  
stone—  
Light of my life ! my beautiful—farewell ! ”  
’Twas but an instant, and a feeble moan  
Wrung from a breaking heart—the mother fell



And died—on that same bier where lay her bloom-  
ing pride.—

But whose the hoary head and hurried stride,

Wild eye, and port erect, that threaten war

On dastard policy?—nor will he spare

The wretched father in his sad Durbar,\*—

But bursting on his woe—demands to share

The hour, or to avenge it! “Is she gone?”

Stern Sugwan cries—“Forbear, forbear!”

With soften’d tones the crafty Adjeit said—

“The hour is past, the storm is overblown—

Spare them a sorrowing father—lowly laid

By fierce Bhavani’s† too severe decree!”—

“Then villain, then, Bhavani’s curse on thee!

Thou serpent couns’lor of a ruthless crime

Blotting thy tribe and country! may thy childless  
head

Go to the grave of the unhonor’d dead—

Thy name be swept from time!”—

“For thee—for thee—what speech have I for thee,

My Prince,—O father! matchlessly bereft!

---

\* Hall of audience.

† The Goddess of Destruction.

But thou hast rent my bond of fealty,—

And here the arms that my forefathers left,  
And I have worn and wielded in thy cause,

I render back ! there lies my useless shield !  
For thee no more this hand the Talwar draws—  
Nor will I meet thee in the hostile field—

But never could I serve with former pride,  
The weak, the abject—though they sorely tried !”

Then, like the angry North gath’ring his clouds,

But leaving awe and silence,—he withdrew !—  
That thunder smote—that curse returned not void, —  
The last of Adjeit’s race already vengeance  
shrouds

And he now mourns—as *one* still mourns for you,  
Who, though his lips shar’d not the fatal bowl,  
Nor gave the word—hath drugg’d his coward soul,  
And sad existence, to its latest hour  
With thy permitted doom,—fair, martyr’d Kishen  
Kow’r !

## SONG.

## TO AN ITALIAN AIR.

Ah, faded is that lovely bloom !

And clos'd in death that speaking eye !

And buried in a green grass tomb,

What once breath'd life and harmony.

Surely the sky is all too dark !

And chilly blows the summer air ;

And, where's thy song now, sprightly lark ?

That us'd to wake my slumb'ring fair.

Ah, never shalt thou wake her more !

And thou bright sun ! shalt ne'er again,

On inland mead, or sea-girt shore,

Salute the darling of the plain.

Maiden ! they bade me o'er thy fate

Numbers and strains mellifluous swell—

They knew the love I bore thee great—

They knew not what I ne'er can tell !

The unstrung heart to others leaves  
The music of a feebler woe ;  
Her numbers are the sighs she heaves,  
Her off'ring, tears that ever flow.  
Where could I gather fancies now ?  
They're with'ring on thy lowly tomb—  
My summer was thy cheek and brow,  
And perish'd is that lovely bloom.

A FUNERAL PASSING OVER NEWLY FALLEN  
SNOW.

As o'er the bleak untrodden snowy plain,  
Wind, slow and dark, the downcast funeral train;  
And love's wreck'd hopes, and friendship's sorrow-  
ing tear,  
Blend with the sadness of the buried year,

Think not, the silent dead shall colder lie,  
For these white snows—for yonder frowning sky!  
Nor shudd'ring view the lorn survivor's state,  
In the stripp'd landscape wide and desolate.

But rather say—so nature's treasures rest  
Beneath the shelter of a snowy vest!  
So, hid thro' wintry hours, from steril skies,  
Sleep the soft germs whence future springs shall  
rise!

TO ———.

"I'm never merry when I hear sweet music!"

O THROW that mournful lyre away,  
Or tune it to some sprightlier strain!  
Why sing of woe while life is gay,  
The time will come thou need'st not feign!

They laugh at love who never knew  
Love's malice, but his keenest dart  
Is but delay'd with aim more true,  
To pierce the unbelieving heart.

And they who dim the sunny hours,  
Of youth's sweet prime with fancy's tears,  
Shall doubly feel when fortune frowns—  
The polish'd channel soonest wears!

Why is it that the young alone,  
The gay, the blest, should still prefer  
The plaintive muse, whose murmuring tone  
Seems but to mock the worshipper?

Why doth the bird, of sweetest note  
The saddest sing, and hide from day  
The homage of his love-tun'd throat,  
In nature's loneliest haunts to pay?

Tis so—it ever hath been so—  
Throughout all nature there's a voice,  
But not of earth—still whispering “woe,”  
When scenes and seasons cry “rejoice!”

The brightest, finest, youngest sense,  
The tenderest soul, feels most the stain  
*That darken'd Paradise*—and hence  
The sadness of th' minstrel strain.

In music there's a mystery  
That reason's voice would vainly clear,  
An echo of lost history,  
Which thoughtful bosoms thrill to hear.

'Twixt soul and sense, the only pure  
Remaining link since Adam's fall,  
Is heavenly music! left to lure  
Souls back to their original.



Reprove not, then, the mournful lyre!

For sadness ever must attend

The struggle of diviner fire,

Which would, but cannot all, ascend.

## LINES

Sent to a young lady, with a bunch of lilies of the valley.

OF flowers whose fragrance freights the vernal gale,  
Whose colours blend on Flora's banners fair,  
What scent, what form, sweet lily of the vale!  
Can to the eye of taste with thine compare?

But I will bear thee from that lowly bed,  
Where 'mid involving shades thy blossoms rise,  
(Gems of the morn!) and round Aurelia's head  
Shall twine thy wreaths in grateful sacrifice;

For "modest flowers befit a modest maid,"  
And never yet was purity divine  
In truer, fairer, characters pourtray'd,  
Than dwell, Aurelia, on that brow of thine!

## WRITTEN ANONYMOUSLY IN A LADY'S SCRAP-BOOK.

FAIR scrap-collectors, 'tis confest,  
Think each her own selection best,  
    (Resembling other sages;)  
And I've been told he will not err,  
Who seeks a lady's character,  
    Within her Album's pages.

Both these positions puzzle me—  
For if in order or degree,  
    These gather'd treasures vary;  
Too favorite topics run through all—  
Seems then to me the difference small,  
    The test, a notion airy.

Love, love, and laughter, are that twain!  
And which rules most? is all you'll gain  
    Where'er you lay your hand on  
A lady's scrap-book, to explore,—  
Th' *esprit* of jest books, or the lore  
    Of Byron, Moore, and Landon?

## LINES ON REVISITING —

PREVIOUSLY TO REMOVING TO A DISTANT HOME.

O YE scenes of my youth, so responsively gay  
Ere the bloom of my bosom had vanish'd away !  
Its shadows are on ye, and dim is the view  
Of the sorrowful gazer who bids you adieu.

And yet, thou lov'd grot ! thou hast echoed my song,  
When the down-pinion'd moments flew swiftly  
along ;

And fragrant and fresh was thy green bending shade  
When blithe as the spring-bird these valleys I stray'd ;

Still blooming and smiling the landscape remains,  
And still yonder oak its friend ivy retains ;

But those whom I lov'd are all sever'd from me !  
And nature ! thy beauties ungladden'd I see.

O, why dost thou chaunt forth thy joy-breathing lay ?  
Be hush'd, sprightly songster ! Ah flit thee away !  
Thou remind'st me how once I with rapture could  
    hear,  
Now rapture is strange to the care-haunted ear !

But what are those sounds that draw tears from mine  
    eye,  
And thrill through my bosom I cannot tell why ?  
The pipe of the shepherd who wends o'er the hill—  
It touches a heart-chord—fond mem'ry be still !

Lone minstrel ! what visions spring up with thy  
    strain,  
Bringing back the departed in beauty again !  
A lov'd one was here when I heard thee before—  
She is gone—she is gone—she can hear thee no more !  
She prais'd thy rude skill, and her sweet sunny  
    smile,  
Her spring-tinted fancy, her heart without guile,  
The charm to all nature her presence could give—  
They are thronging around me—thy touch bids them  
    live !

See the sun sets in splendour, but ling'ringly strews  
On the sky, on the river, his richest of hues !  
So the rose and the violet, kind in decay,  
Leave their fragrance when beauty has wither'd  
away.

And mem'ry, thou perfume of happiness flown !  
Thou sun-tinted cloud when the day-star is gone !  
Thou still hast a charm the 'lorn bosom that cheers,  
A charm that we court, though we bathe it with  
tears.

## SONNET.

TRANSLATED FROM BOILEAU.

Written by the poet at the age of sixteen.

AMID the joys that faithful lovers prove  
Youth's smiling hours near Iris gaily flow'd—  
Iris my love—whom I must ever love !  
Like me with ardent, artless passion glow'd,  
When lo ! disease, by fate relentless arm'd,  
Broke the fair current of affections pure,  
Snatch'd from me all that had my bosom charm'd,  
And left an anguish time can never cure.  
How the rude blow o'erwhelmed my trusting heart !  
Vain tears, like floods, wave after wave, ye pass'd !  
Reflection sharpen'd still the cruel smart,  
Each springing thought was bitterer than the last ;  
Iris my love ! thou happier wert than me—  
Thou didst but die---I live, bereft of thee !



## SONNET.

To ———

O, GENTLE shade ! from earth too quickly pass'd !  
Ere yet my sun, who watch'd thy dawning light,  
Declining to the ocean sinks in night,  
And I, who would have lov'd thee to my last  
Of ebbing life, and pillow'd on thy breast,  
Had less reluctant languish'd in decay,  
Am doom'd through clouded hours to weep my  
way---

Where art thou now ? O whither art thou gone ?  
Friend ! sister ! soother of each vexing care  
Which on life's journey now I bear alone !  
If thou canst listen to my anguish'd prayer,  
Come once again and tell me thou art blest,  
Ere wildering grief shedding twice night on me,  
I miss the following way, vainly lamenting thee !

## A PART OF THE DITHYRAMBIC OF DELILLE

“Sur l’Immortalité d’l’ame.”

WHENCE comes this fever that consumes my breast ?

In vain from study to repose I fly !

Vary with action, leisure—still oppress

My clouded hours in weariness pass by,

And roving thought can find no place of rest.

Come, then, in pleasure’s bowl

Dissolve thee, cheerless soul !

Wreath me with flow’rs, and hither bring the lyre,

Beauty, and Wit, and Grace,

Far hence my sorrows chase !

Let odours soothe the sense, and sprightly fancies fire !

Alas ! alas ! already droop the flow’rs,

The odours perish, beauty’s rose grows pale !

The sprightly lyre, and hand that tun’d it, fail,

And sadness rules again the murmuring hours.

I'll seek the battle field !  
Hap'ly may glory yield  
A spirit-stirring vict'ry o'er my care—  
March, march, the trumpets sound !  
Wild thunders roll around,  
The chargers neigh, war's light'nings cleave the air ;  
Victor and vanquish'd's cries,  
To ruthless Mars arise,  
And weltering on the earth her children slain,  
Crave in dumb ghastliness their dust again ;  
Pierc'd with the sight my shudd'ring bosom quails,  
And pity's throb o'er glory's shout prevails.

Ambition's trophied march, and regal air,  
Invite me next her towering paths to climb—  
I follow at her call—earth's sceptre bear,  
And reign triumphant o'er the things of time ;  
The shore, the wave, are subject to my will,—  
Myself, myself, a prison'd captive still.

From restless wishes springing up to die,  
From hopes thus baffl'd, rise  
My soul ! and try  
A loftier flight—  
Nothing beneath the sky  
Can minister delight  
To him whose quenchless thirst is immortality !

The dying sage, leaning on *destiny*,  
Hears in that hour a voice, believ'd of God,  
"What if th' eternity I trod  
Silent and sole ere thou began to be  
Lie hid—th' eternity to come is waiting thee."

Vague and profane! the babbling words recal !  
Eternity divides not—it is one,  
One with thyself, and He who governs all,  
Author and essence, made it all thine own ;  
Thy past and future in one vision wrought,  
Were ever present to his mighty thought.

Then fix in thine thy high  
Imperial destiny,  
And tarnish not this origin sublime—  
How fades an earthly dome,  
Before a heavenly home !

What are the toys of time,  
And their fond covetors—the vain  
Wreathing the shrines the ignorant uprear,—  
The sceptre and the crown,

Ambition clamours for and holds so dear?—

The toilings of the ant-hill for a grain!

To him whose hopes look down

On these frail shows, from an immortal sphere!

\* \* \* \* \*

## A TRAIT OF ALBUERA.

WHEN Victory's cheerings die away,  
And Passion's tide has left the field  
Where banners triumph'd;—sad survey  
Doth that hush'd charnel yield!  
Yet *there* will Valour to the last  
Watch her unburied sons, till ev'ry throb be past.

On Albuera's war-swept plain,  
A soldier, dying—but resign'd,  
Lay gazing on three hostile slain,—  
Their limbs with his still twin'd  
As in late conflict—eyes still fix'd  
On him, with direful looks—hatred and anguish  
mix'd.

Last looks where baleful passions low'r!  
How could the dying brook their glare?  
But glory fann'd his des'late hour,  
For "three for one" lay there!  
And he had wak'd to life again,  
To gaze with ruth and triumph on his ghastly slain.



“Ho! bear him up! life still is here!

Loosen his corslet, bathe his brow!”

“Too late, too late! cease, comrades dear!

Death has the vict’ry now!

See there! could single arm do more?

Make no lament for me---for one---for one---of four.

“But say, how went the battle?” “Won!”

That word drove back life’s ebbing tide---

Unbound the clasp of death---he sprung

Up high in air, and cry’d

“England and Victory for ever!”

And then went forth his soul with one brief part-  
ing quiver.

TO ———.

HUSH ! hush ! profane that name no more !

It needs not Fancy's flowery art—

Thy ev'ry word drops molten ore

Upon an unhealed writhing heart :

Thine eyes are wet—mine are not so—

Thy tongue is fluent—mine is mute—

Spent fountains have no streams to shew,

And silent is the broken lute.

Paint not to me the arrow's power

That's buried in my bosom yet !

Need I be told how dark the hour

When my life's sun for ever set ?

Away, away ! let others see

How thou canst make pass'd sorrows last,

By gushings of vain memory—

From me *that sorrow never pass'd.*

## THE DOVE.

THAT young white spirit, who so lately fled  
To happier realms—whose memory hovers here,  
And ever will—my lonely musings fed,  
When unforeseen ! the church-yard path was near.

I followed—passion led—for there she lay,  
The all that could be mortal of my child !  
Turf and fresh flow'rs her covering—need I say  
My steps grew feebler---thought, more sadly wild ?

Yet 'twas a scene which Nature's lovers might  
Desire to die in---blessed spirits chuse  
To seek again in, and prepare for flight  
Their earthly garment, 'mid earth's heavenliest  
hues.

Pure as my darling's life a stream flow'd by,  
Of sunny current, and melodious sound ;  
And birds as joyous, of like melody,  
Were playing with Spring's tresses all around ;

And lambs, with looks like her's, were stopping me,  
To wring my heart---and then, away, away !  
O'er the green glebe, where *she* was wont to be---  
The happy living things at distance play---

" What are they all to me, these pageantries  
Of hill and dale, wild rock, and sunny stream ?  
Music to deafness ! Sorrow only sees—  
They all must perish, like the happy's dream."

Was it not strange !—a Dove, a white-winged Dove,  
Sole traveller of its kind, here pass'd me by,  
Turned and cooed round me, with soft tones like love  
Chiding despair, and then alighted nigh ;

I moved—it 'compained in equal race—  
Now at my feet, and now on transient wing ;  
With out-stretched hand I try to seize, or chace  
The strange companion, inly wondering

Whence, and why came it?—How it thrill'd my  
breast

With most unsteady thoughts—yet sweet they  
were !

To see this emblem of my lost one rest  
Upon her grave at length, and wait me there.

And as I stoop'd to clasp the gentle bird,  
Who seem'd my own, by some mysterious tie,  
Just once again, her cooing tones I heard,  
And then she shot into the distant sky.

I state but simple facts—yet who will blame,  
If fancy linger o'er them—might it be  
That happy souls, permitted, ever came  
To soothe the mourner---her's was there with me !

## THE ANCIENT SPINSTER-BEAUTY ;

## A PORTRAIT.

*Not Miss ——, nor Miss ——, but one of a numerous family,  
whom every body knows.*

## PART I.

WHEN I was young, and passing fair,  
The men in crowds came flocking round me ;  
Each with polite, discerning air,  
Some patent grace or merit found me.

My mother bade me not be vain,  
Said, beauty was a fleeting treasure ;  
And sense and goodness were the twain  
In which alone the wise took pleasure !

But old, and young, and wise, alike  
Seem'd with my slender stock contented ;  
How could such saws conviction strike,  
To which no mortal act assented ?



I saw poor homely merit grope  
Her way to coach or chair unaided,  
And prosy prudence lonely mope,  
Where beauty with her train paraded.

I heard papas their daughters chide  
For vanity, and dress, and flirting,  
Who quite good-humoured by my side,  
Thought all *I* did and said diverting.

I found that rosy nonsense charm'd,  
Where wrinkled wisdom oft was slighted ;  
Sage critics by a smile disarm'd ;  
Divines, with sparkling eyes delighted.

Whene'er the merits were review'd,  
Of nymph new-launched in town or city,  
The question was not, Is she good ?  
But, Tell me, tell me, is she pretty !

Mammas who met in social chat,  
Would sometimes tire, discussing duty,  
Decorum, virtue, and all that—  
Had still a friendly word for beauty :

What noses, lips, and cheeks, and eyes,  
And form, and grace, I oft heard ponder'd !  
And then—for graver thoughts would rise—  
At folly and conceit they wonder'd !

I wonder'd too—for, preach who may !  
Youth reasons from effects, not causes ;  
I pleas'd, was always right, then say,  
Could *I* distrust the world's applauses ?

Girls without charms, who strove to please,  
Who wore the fashions beauty sported,  
Those were the vain, the foolish these,  
And I, the wise---for I was courted !

And 'twas no vanity to lend  
A meek assent when others prais'd me ;  
'T had been presumption to contend,  
And pride, to spurn the throne they rais'd me.

But O, when fifteen years were flown,  
I found my empire had departed,  
For wrinkles came, and youth was gone,  
And lieges, courtiers, all deserted !

Well ! let them go, who beauty prize !  
A gaudy flower, not worth preserving !  
I still may charm the good and wise,  
And be of lasting fame deserving.

I trimm'd the lamp, I turn'd the page,  
I woo'd each muse of hill or grotto ;  
Track'd science through each modish stage,  
For *hope to please* was still my motto.

And when the wretched sought my door,  
(For charity was now in fashion),  
With chemistry I drugg'd the poor,  
And patronised the nymph Compassion.

Schools I endow'd, cot-gardens plann'd,  
'To make contentment more contented ;  
Shook knowledge o'er the clod-pole land,  
And pauper luxuries invented.

I lov'd the poor in days of yore,  
And some lov'd me, and prais'd my beauty ;  
But now, I must bring something more  
Than smiles or alms to win their duty !

And was this all---was love of fame

The only motive that could move me?

Papas, mammas, share ye the blame!

Nor, beauty-worshippers! reprove me!

The visions of my *infant* head,

Like daisies in the sun delighting,

Look'd all to heaven from their green bed,

Ere yet disclos'd to flattery's blighting;

I had no doubt, I had no thought,

But goodness was life's only pleasure;

Kind deeds the daily work she wrought,

And piety her hoarded treasure!

Why fled those dreams of happier hour?

Why was the work I lov'd deserted!

A root was wanting---and the flower

Suffic'd to please the hollow-hearted!

END OF PART FIRST.

## WRITTEN IN N—— H——'s SCRAP BOOK.

HERE's a blank corner—shall I fill it?

The pen lies temptingly at hand!

I scarcely can be said to will it,

And yet—one wave of Fancy's wand,

One random impulse has begun

What may endure while Time shall run.—

Nay, think not that I mean to claim

Vain honours many live to rue!

Far other thought than poet's fame,

My casual offering brings to view—

Yes! every word on paper thrown

Is for the world's last harvest sown,

A seed of good or ill to all

Whose eye may chance to take it in—

The veriest folly that may fall

From aimless scribbler, shall begin,

A stream of causes ne'er to end

Till mortal with immortal blend!

Ponder this, idlers! who employ  
As impulse urges, pen or tongue—  
O gladly many would destroy  
All that they ever said or sung,  
To be as pure from blame and blot  
As was this paper ere I wrote.

## THE LOST CHILD.

## A SCOTTISH INCIDENT.

WEE Nannie wandered on the moor,  
Keeking at ferlies a' the day,  
She pu'd the bonnie heather flow'r,  
And listen'd to the lav'rock's lay.

And far, and farrer on she gaed,  
Wond'ring whar that wide field wad en' !  
And out o' sight she lang had stray'd,  
When hameward ca'd the workin' men.

“Hech ! whar's the bairnie ? Nannie, come !  
Thou little mischief, whar's thou gane ?”  
They shouted loudly, ans'ring soun'  
Or sight o' Nannie gat they nane !

The shades o' night are faulding fast,  
Mirker and mirker ow'r the lea,  
And sougling raise the north'rin blast—  
The puir wee bairnie, whar was she ?



They grap'd and hearken'd mony an hour,  
Ow'r braken bush, on heathery plain,  
Then hame they turn'd—that bonnie flow'r!  
Maun she be left to dee her lane?

And what a tale the mither heard!  
What grewsome thoughts her bosom crost!  
A life-time gather'd in the word,  
That tauld her first her bairn was lost.

Before her pass the curls, the mou,  
The simmer een, the minting tongue,  
As mither birds the kite wad view  
Pu'ing the feathers frae their young!

And then the flyting thought cam neist,  
“What gar'd me let her gang wi' them!”  
It drave a sword intil her breast—  
O siccan a sword fu' mony ken!

The neist day raise wi' storm and stoure,  
But out they gaed, the neebours a';  
They lippen'd, hunting ow'r the moor,  
Ilk grumlie seugh, ilk whinny shaw,

But cam nae speed—"O low she lies,  
The hap o' death is on her now;  
And there was nane to hear her cries,  
Or kiss her bonnie marble brow."

Anither day has come and gane,  
But still they're seeking—wha can tell  
The fleeching hopes, whar hope is nane,  
That lang in parents' breists will dwell.

They daur na gie her ow'r—if deid,  
O horror! maun she mool'er there!  
"I'll range the warld, 'or I succeed!"  
The mither cries in wild despair.

On Wodensday the bairn was tint;  
On Saturday the lift was bright;  
The grandsire leaves them a' behint—  
He stoiters—dizzy grows his sight.

"Whar was their een? What is't I see!—  
Three days are by—she's stiff and cauld!  
But there she's lying on the lea—  
O let me in my arms enfauld

“ My wee bit Oye ! my joy and pride !---  
The flow’r is shed lang ’or it’s noon ;  
And I, the wither’d bough, maun bide—  
But *He* kens best---His wull be doon !

“ She’s stirring—mercy ! am I wild ?---  
She’s leiving !” joy cam far owr fleet ;—  
She lifted her blue e’en and smil’d,  
Say’n, “ Daddy, what for div ye greet ?”—

## REFLECTIONS AT SEA.

TH' experienc'd sailor long inur'd to danger,  
Rides over *Death*, nor heeds his stern array ;  
Life's youthful voyager, to fear a stranger,  
Through paths of equal peril journeys gay ;  
But ah ! how often doth he turn astray,  
Following fair bubbles all around him curling,  
Lur'd by the lustre of their foamy play—  
While the fix'd mariner, his sails unfurling,  
Bent on the port, pursues his destined way !

May I, who gaze upon this beauteous ocean,  
An early sorrower ! not coldly brave,  
Nor yet, as once, with fond and blind devotion,  
Of Hope's young treacheries, the willing slave---  
May I be thankful for the wreck I save !  
And since I know how fatally alluring,  
May I ne'er tempt again the *smiling wave*,  
But with firm mind each passing change enduring,  
Look to a haven, that's beyond the grave !

## FRAGMENT.

TO THE MEMORY OF P. C. S.

Yes! gone—for ever gone!

But I will weave

A wreath from Mem'ry, consecrate to thee!

Tho' seas and deserts vast, and time sedate,

(Of pow'r to calm grief's tumults) roll between,

On Fancy's pinions by affection borne,

I'll seek the spot where thou art lowly laid,

And sketch it out—O! would I could to thee

A deathless tablet raise—firm as my love!

She went to India's land, a blooming maid,

With youth, and health, and pleasure in her train:

Where famed Golconda rears her marble domes,

(Vast trophies of the scythed conqueror's pow'r!)

Death found the beauteous prey, and took his aim;

Th' insidious arrow reach'd her sinking heart,

Mining that precious ore, unseen;—her eye

Shone bright; and fairer, softer, grew the face,

Was fair and soft before!

## To woo the breeze

That cools Ind's southern shores---to search for health  
(If health might yet be found) we journed forth ;

'Twas death to stay, 'twas vain, oh vain ! to go.—

Ye, who have ever, mingling pray'rs with tears,

Knelt by the bed of suff'ring innocence,

And know the anguish of the *hopeless prayer* !---

Ye who have seen the destin'd lamb, trembling

And bleating, yet unwitting of its doom,

Fix on the gazer's face the upward eye

Confiding—

Ye who have seen the summer vessel gay,

In view of land, with all her gallant gear,

Sun-tinted sails and streamers waving pride,

Sink to the deep profound, by fatal leak

Unseen, gradual betrayed—O pity me !

'Twas dead of night, and still, but the fair moon

With light serene shewed all the impressive scene,

When starting up from grief's first trance I woke,

And sought the Tent, where pillow'd on my arm,

Meek as the babe upon its mother's breast,

Recent she breath'd her last, "O one look more !

Print one last kiss upon that face belov'd,



Where death, though marbling every feature fair,  
Leaves such prophetic beauty lingering still !”  
I wildly cried—when lo ! a solemn sight  
Quell’d roving thought, and fix’d an image there,  
Never to part !

Just on th’ horizon’s verge

○ A hillock rose, where two tall tamarinds  
Chequer’d the moonlight sky—beneath their shade  
A busy work went on—some made the grave,  
While others bore the bier ; and o’er the group  
Of mingled mourning friends, and sable bands  
Who plied their task unheeding,—fell the rays  
Of glimmering torches with funereal glare ;  
The planet she had lov’d, as if inform’d,  
Mov’d full in view, sailing through silvery clouds,  
And shedding peacefulness ! the village gong  
Struck a deep tone of casual sympathy.  
It smote upon my heart, I hear it still !  
And there they buried her—we journied on !

But oh ! that placid moon and snowy sky—  
Beautiful symbols of celestial hope !  
Spoke “ better things” to soothe the mourner’s heart,  
Than dreams of pagan poesy e’er taught—



And now—

The hasty rites forgiv'n—a sister's love,  
Though bleeding, could resign "dust to its dust,"  
And, through the everlasting portals wing'd,  
Pursue the white rob'd spirit on her way,  
Nor murmur more!

## LORELY ; THE DAUGHTER OF THE RHINE.

FAIR Lorely, on her rocky throne,  
Watches the water-fowl at play ;  
She listens to the torrent's moan,  
She laughs to see the bubbles blown,  
The frothy foam-bells glide away !  
She heeds not, she ! if gazing eyes  
Are fetter'd by herself alone ;  
She cares not, she ! for lovers' sighs—  
She comes to view the earth and skies,  
From her deep cavern home.

She's drest in robes of painted air,  
A rainbow's o'er her head ;  
But O, her brow and bosom fair,  
More dazzling than the colours are,  
In radiance round her spread !  
That brow of young simplicity,  
Like Eden unbeguil'd !  
That snowy bosom—seem to be  
Of primal truth and purity,  
The symbols clear and mild.

Hark to her voice ! the aerial tones,  
That dreaming slumb'ers hear,  
When music moves the starry zones  
As morning travels near,  
Give notices of heaven—not more  
Than her sweet song upon the shore !  
Look at the sun-beams of her hair,  
Which she is scattering as in play  
O'er azure eyes ! the smile that's there,  
The artless smile ! that seems to say,  
Love me ! I'm innocent as gay—  
O, rash adventurous youth, forbear !  
Loosen your skiff before the wind !  
Tempt rocks, or brave the tempest's wrath !  
More dangerous are the spells that bind  
The loiterer in that syren's path.  
As sure, as meeting thunders rend,  
As sure as on a glassy sea  
Calm'd Prows to fond destruction tend—  
So, Lorely, all who gaze on thee  
Are drawn to ruin---thou the while  
Still looking on with song and smile !  
  
The oars are strain'd, the helm is turn'd—  
Too late ! too late ! their eyes have met !  
Who ever could that glance forget ?

Seem'd there, no treacherous passion burn'd---

'Twas the sweet calm, the sun just set

On summer skies, yields and bestows

The charm of heaven-like repose---

With out-stretch'd arms the stripling stood,

She, bending gracefully, look'd on---

The shaft has sped---the skiff is gone ;

He, whelm'd beneath the roaring flood---

An instant more, and her soft moan

And guardian arms are near him there !

The fishers saw her cleave the air

As from her rocky height she fled

With swan-like course---but where, O where

Is Hubert ? 'o'er his fated head

The tide has clos'd---and who shall dare,

The tidings to his sire to bear ?

“ Did you not mark her cruel joy,

Her flashing triumph when he fell !

O sorceress ! thus with life to toy,

Like froward child who strips the dell

Of pretty buds, a moment's play,

Then casts in wantonness away !

I'll instant hie to Stahlek's Tower,

Where he sits listening, all in vain !  
Who never more in ha'l or bower,  
Shall "sun his heart" on thee again,  
Fair boy !—were death my sure reward,  
The cry of vengeance should be heard."

"Nay, say not so—was she to blame  
That Beauty's load-star drew him on !  
Who chides the altar and the flame  
The self-devoted dies upon !  
The very winds that round her blow  
Are Loreley's worshippers—the trees,  
The flowers, more proudly grow  
Near her—the glorious sun but sees  
In all the realms he journies o'er  
One Lorely—star of Rhinfelt's shore."

\* \* \* \* \*

They stripp'd her of the plighting ring ;  
They brought him back to Stahlek's Tower ;  
——His heart was in that coral bower,  
And fast his life was withering !  
He sought her on the rocky shore,  
Beneath the sun, beneath the moon,

But her sweet song heard never more !

And he died like a Rose at noon.

Then came the Rhine's fair daughter forth---

She's loosen'd from her cruel vow ;

No angry sire molests her now,

She's free to roam the fields of earth :—

What's liberty where light is not !—

The sight of flowers without perfume !

Abroad, or in her sparry grot,

She bears about a dungeon's gloom :

The light of her young life was gone !

Wringing her hands near Hubert's grave,

Fair Lorely wanders all alone—

She wanders like her parent wave,

As cold, as mournful, and as pale !

Her song has ceas'd, her smile is o'er ;—

But they who visit Rhinfelt's shore

May hear her murmurs on the gale—

May see her oft at twilight hour

Bending to kiss some closing flower.



## IN MEMORY OF EMMA —.

At length, then, at peace she is laid ;—  
The lonely and lovely is gone !  
She bloom'd, and she died in the shade,  
A flower in a wilderness sown.

In Fortune's gay gaudy parterre,  
How many a blossom is seen,  
Could never in sweetness compare  
With this Rosé that grew wild on the green

Ah, sweetness of little avail !—  
To perfume the sighs of a few,  
To be wept, and then pass like the gale,  
Was all, my poor Emma ! for you.

No crowds with applauses e'er dwelt  
On her virtues, unheeded by fame,  
Their influence, alas ! was unfelt,  
For her's was a fatherless name.



She was form'd to be cherish'd and lov'd—  
Who was it denied her her right !  
Their fondness she well might have prov'd,  
Who hid her like shame from their sight !

And her kind, her affectionate heart,  
The bloom of her elegant mind,  
Her manners, that charm'd without art,  
No fostering sunshine could find—

“ Why,” oft would she weeping remark,  
“ Was I hither all shelterless thrown !  
O, I am that desolate bark  
That's on ocean's wide desert alone !

“ Why, why was it giv'n me to know  
Aspirings I dare not confess,  
Affections forbidden to flow,  
Endearments I ne'er must possess ?

“ My father ! how cruel were you  
To give life, but to give it in vain !  
My mother ! O, well may you rue !  
Who doubly have wither'd the name !

“ Yet the wretch your desertion hath made  
Still dotes on these titles supprest !  
I should think all my sorrows repaid  
Could I strain ye but once to my breast.

“ O once let me welcome the bliss  
Of a mother's affection-fraught eye ;  
Let me win but a father's fond kiss,  
And Emma contented should die !”—

How oft through the nest-plunder'd grove  
The plaints of sad parents have rung,  
But sadder the murmurs of love  
From the parent-deserted, the young !

Thus mourning, her delicate frame  
Of the soul-wasting hectic partook,  
And long ere death's minister came  
You might read his decree in her look.

O cruel ! who knew of thy woe,  
Sweet shadow ! nor hastened to save ;  
One crime, and how many will flow !—  
I'll shew them in silence thy grave :

The only revenge worthy thee,  
For all their unkindness decreed,  
On thy cold narrow haven shall be  
This faithful inscription to read:—

“ A hapless child, born of unhallow'd love,  
Who pined to reach a parent's sheltering breast,  
Their living tenderness denied to prove,  
Turn'd to her mother earth, and here found rest !

“ Of grace and beauty, few of humankind  
Could such entire and sweet enchantment boast ;  
But of the priceless treasury of the mind,  
Ah, who can tell what countless gems were lost !

“ To those who on the world's unfriendly wild  
Threw this fair flower, of every prop bereav'd,  
May Heaven confirm that pardon which their child—  
Their dying child, in latest blessings breath'd !”

LADY KNOCKLOFTY AND HER PARTY,  
DISCOVERING THE ABBEY OF MOYCULLEN,

From Lady Morgan's Novel, "The O'Brians and the O'Flahertys."

WITH tender tints that vanish while they gaze,  
The mountain tops are ting'd, day fades away  
All lingeringly—as the fond lover stays  
To look his last, but must no longer stay !

No leaf is fann'd, "nor bend the feathering reeds,"  
Along the margin of the waveless lake ;  
Approaching night, clad in her pilgrim weeds,  
Their pathless wand'ring warns them to forsake ;

But whither turn ? the baffled Guide in vain,  
Stands questioning memory—all is foreign here !  
When hark ! melodious sounds ! an organ strain,  
And choral voices, fill the list'ning ear ;—

Moycullen's Abbey rises through the shade,  
A wreck of ages past, majestic still,  
Though "grey, moss-cover'd, mould'ring and decay'd :"—

Surprise, and almost awe, their bosoms thrill.

The flickering twilight shews the gothic dome,  
Belfry, and archway, richly sculptur'd o'er ;—  
And by its side, new-raised, a cloister'd home,  
Shelter'd the mission of a distant shore,

Loyola's fair disciples—some, long driven  
From their green native isle, by factious hate,  
Here gather'd once again—their zeal is given  
Silent and secret, to its darken'd state ;

And 'tis their vesper-music that proclaims  
Human inhabitants and shelter near !  
A light is gleaming through the tinted panes  
Of that high oriel ; entering forms appear ;

The curtain'd drapery, from the arching porch,  
By reverent hands is gently drawn aside ;  
The hoary porter rears his streaming torch,  
And Worship stands reveal'd to eyes of Pride.

In fair perspective, solemnly arrayed,  
Stands the high altar—minist'ring attends  
An aged Priest, upon whose shaven head,  
The pillar'd taper-light serene descends;

Above, had Painting storied forth His love,  
Who bless'd the little children ; rang'd beneath,  
With folded hands, with lips that meekly move,  
A living infant train responses breathe,

Mingling their murmurs with the chaunting band  
Of white-rob'd sisters, who enclose the chair,  
Where sits, high-rai'd, while all around her stand,  
*One*, young, majestic, and supremely fair !

Yet seem'd no votary in that heaven-vowed train,  
Of lowlier heart ; and when the anthem rose,  
Her voice of melody improv'd the strain,  
And breath'd a crowning spell upon its close.

Now, who are they, unbidden, that intrude  
With haughty forehead, and derisive air,  
Upon this scene and hour of holiest mood ?  
Oh, what a contrast to the meek ones there !



The dove and butterfly, the gentle fawn,  
And lawless forest-ranger less oppos'd !  
Search not *their* bosoms, leave *that* veil undrawn,  
Nor to pure eyes be their dark depths disclos'd.



## TO THE BELOVED PARENTS ;

ON THE DEATH OF AN INFANT OF THIRTEEN  
MONTHS.

YIELD to the sweet spring gale the violet's breath !  
The stainless lily to its parent earth !  
O there is sweeter, surer hope in death---  
An infant's death ! than ever crown'd a birth.

I briefly saw thee, cherub ! thou to me  
Wast but a thought---a figured element  
Of hopes and fears---a bark put forth to sea,  
Where many a strong one has been wreck'd and  
rent !

I view thee now---safe haven'd ; thy young dawn  
A glorious day, never to change ! Thy bloom,  
From chilling airs and treach'rous skies withdrawn,  
Bearing to heaven its first unmix'd perfume,

Not as the helpless babe, the smiling boy,  
The lofty manhood—filling with delight  
Thy sorrowing parents,---dreaming in their joy  
Of future years for thee, all clad in white;—

Such never came to mortal, well ye know !  
Then share my happier vision ! bless the Power,  
Withholding dubious good, with certain woe,---  
That spar'd the fruit, and only cropt the flower.

Turn from the panting breath, the shaded brow,  
The marbled form—such wringing thoughts forbear !

That little life ye gave and mourn, is now  
A monarch's jewel, and a kingdom's heir.

## LINES,

On reading Sir JOHN Malcolm's Poem entitled "Persia," which was written in that country, and in which his parents and his native vale are touchingly commemorated.

SWEET Esk ! thou art no more that hermit stream,  
Through voiceless solitudes that wont to stray—  
From Persia's distant land, a genuine ray  
Of sacred fire bids all thy vallies gleam ;

But, 'twas no Guebre pilgrim that convey'd  
The holy treasure from fam'd Yezid's dome ;  
Thy filial poet's votive shrine was *home*,  
His censer, memory of his native glade !

And that pure flame which now with light benign  
Returning, bids thy waters proudly run,  
Which travelling, brighten'd, fed by Hafiz' sun,  
That poet's fire, sweet Esk ! is justly thine.

Thy mountain summits taught his soul to climb,  
Thy wild bee's murmur never left his ear,  
Whatever heights he trod, to him more dear,  
Were truth and nature in their haunts sublime.

The court, the camp, the senate, wreath'd his brow,  
But in his bosom lay a secret spell,  
Linking him ever with that kindred dell,  
Where pledg'd to nature, was his vernal vow.

The mountain air is purer than the scent  
Of Attarghul—pebbles in boyhood's brook,  
Brighter than gems; affection's trusted look,  
Dearer than prince's smiles, to young content;

And what were laurels to the happy heart,  
Hunting the hazel-clusters on thy braes?  
Fame's trump to him who lov'd the linnet's lays?  
No later pageants could a charm impart

To dim the brightness of those sunny hours,  
When Hope and Fancy in his native vale,  
Like breezy Spring, whisper'd their nursing tale  
To budding Honor, in sequester'd bow'rs.

Oh, had they liv'd whom he has honor'd most!—

One, like the Patriarch, bless'd him ere she went,

Then clos'd her aged eyes in fond content—

But all his country shares their Patriarch boast,

And hearts are cluster'd round him, mailed power,

And jewell'd diadems, had failed to buy;—

Genius has lovely light—when set on high,

The star of stars, in glory's zenith hour!

But kind affections are the warming sun,

That draws up incense from the hidden cells

Of holy nature—wave thy heather bells,

And flow in pride—thy glory is begun,

Sweet wand'ring Esk! thy wanderer brings thee home

A heart unchang'd—the gems upon his vest,

And plumed honor on his lofty crest,

May draw the gazer's eye, and swell the toime

Of future history—'tis reserv'd for thee

To emblem best, and mingle with time's tide,

The dearer virtues of thy valley's pride—

The pure, the picturesque, the kind, the free!

A. D. 1815.

## SONG.

"Ere o'er thy mem'ry."

ERE o'er thy mem'ry, now so dear !

Time's chilling wing shall pass its shade,  
Oh ! let me with a grief sincere,  
Bedew the spot where thou art laid !

Oh ! that the dews of fervent woe,  
Like those of Spring could life restore !  
Vain wish ! vain tears ! which idly flow  
For *her* whose sorrows all are o'er.

Yes, shade belov'd ! the murmurer's tone,  
Reason declares unkind to thee ;  
I'll weep no more that thou art gone,  
But, consecrate thy memory !

Yet oh ! where find th' inspired strain,  
Unjust to thee that would not prove ?  
Thou wert not all that "*poets feign,*"  
But thou wert all that poets *love.*



## A SUMMER SUNDAY.

How sweetly shines this Sabbath morn !

What healing to the soul it brings !

No sounds upon the air are borne,

Save gentle nature's whisperings.

The swallow skimming o'er the green,

The loosen'd cattle loit'ring round,

The hymning grove, the pilgrim stream,

Alone disturb the calm profound :—

O'er the high vault of stainless blue,

Light snowy fleeces float serene,

Like hov'ring spirits, pleased to view

The stillness of the Sabbath scene !

Labour, retir'd in cottage nook,

Withdraws to solemn thought awhile,

And leans him on the sacred Book,

That strengthens for his weekly toil—



Even wanton leisure, burden'd oft  
'Mid toys and trifles which to chuse !  
Receives with thanks the summons soft,  
On higher, holier themes to muse ;

But they who truly love the day,  
Who call it\* "Holy of the Lord,"  
"Delight" and "Honorable,"—they  
Find joys none other can afford ;

It seems the threshold of the sky ;  
It seems the place of shelter, where  
The wearied, burden'd, may apply,  
Secure to find refreshment there.

Tears that have flow'd from fraud or guile,—  
Thoughts rudely jarr'd, or sorely wrought,—  
The week-day's cares, the week-day's toil,  
On Sunday's bosom are forgot.

---

\* Isaiah, lviii.

## SONG.

“WHERE WENT MY SWEET AMEERIN?”

Inscribed to Miss C. B., and adapted to a Hindoostanee air, with words  
written by T. Bayley, Esq., beginning

*“ She never blamed him, never !”*

WHERE went my sweet Ameerin,  
When the angel's summons came ?  
Well I know she is not hearing,  
But I love to speak her name !  
She knew that she was dying,  
For she falter'd, “ Do not grieve,  
Mother dearest ! I am trying  
Moussul Ali to believe.”

False Imaum ! could the purest,  
Gentlest, meekest, of her kind,  
In the bowers to which thou lurest,  
Meet companions hope to find !  
O forgive ! what am I saying ?  
Whither has my phrenzy led ?  
Through forbidden wilds I'm straying,  
Only knowing---She is dead !

She was my pride and treasure !

Youth and beauty crown'd her brow ;

She was happy beyond measure---

O is she happy now ?

See, scatter'd round are lying,

Gems that mock'd her brighter bloom !

Useless, worthless---nought replying

But the silence of the tomb !

## ON THE FEAR OF DEATH ;

(FRAGMENTS OF AN UNFINISHED POEM.)

Cowards have bravely died—when worlds beheld,  
And cheering Fame her banners wav'd in air ;  
Revenge and ire have nature's pleadings quell'd,  
And valiant moments have releas'd despair ;  
Ev'n stripling Love, the dimpled and the fair,  
Hath press'd the mortal lancet to his breast,—  
And shiv'ring Penury willing turn'd to rest  
From life's dark augury of ceaseless care—  
Not bravely scorning death,—but weak, by life op-  
prest.

Lo ! bigot Mary bids the faggot blaze,  
And stedfast saints undaunted hail their doom ;  
For, from the pyre shoot crowns of heavenly rays,  
And golden censers kindle sweet perfume.  
Ye glorious visions ! hide the yawning tomb !—  
The tomb is hid ! the strengthen'd martyr dies !  
His soul, impregnate with immortal bloom,  
Triumphant seeks her summer in the skies,  
Nor heeds the scattered dust that prone in ruin lies

And what was life in sad Cornelia's view,  
When, from the deck, she saw her Pompey  
slain?

How did she blame the rash officious crew,  
Whose keel reverted bore her o'er the main,  
Never to view that mangl'd corse again!

Oh! rather far with him she would have died,  
Who, press'd by fate, by faithless friends be-  
tray'd,

Fond, tho' forlorn, had call'd her to his side—  
Perish the woman's name, who fear had then obey'd!

Nor singly Arria decks th' historic page,  
To speak the triumphs of courageous love,—  
Nor Decius, singly, breasts the battle's rage,  
To tell mankind how patriot passions move:—  
Let blazing Moscow, Talavera prove,  
How, mid the throes of fate the soul is strong!

As sand and pebbles swept by Ocean's tide,  
Bears Passion's swell, Life's scatter'd ties along,  
While o'er the surge prevails the buoyant bubble—  
*Pride.*

But oh ! when ebbing life lies lone and low,  
When the clos'd chamber images the tomb,—  
When all around is still, save gliding slow  
The stealthy nurse with brow of boding gloom,  
Or the fond friend, who vainly would assume  
The smile of Hope, mock'd by the starting tear—  
What boots it then to be renown'd or great !  
Heroes and slaves alike are vanquish'd here !  
All dread the curtain'd hour of solemn parleying  
fate ;

Here are no laurels—here no loud acclaim  
Drowning the “still small voice,” the nat’ral  
fear,—  
Vain is the promise of a deathless name,  
Unreal breath ! to him whom death is near,  
In act deliberate, in aspect drear ;—  
Where, sad Ambition ! are your wonted fires ?  
A common debt, a common lot prevail,—  
Nor valour, nor consent stern death requires,  
No terror can appease, nor flatt’ring vows avail ;

He, o'er whose lofty front the war-plumes wav'd,  
Nodding defiance of the grisly king—  
Thro' flood and fire who various fortunes brav'd,  
And counted danger a contemptuous thing,  
To humbler service doth his brav'ry bring—  
To war with common aches—to bow his pride  
To woman's rule, to bless the dext'rous hand  
Whose art may one oblivious hour provide—  
Imperious now no more,—he quails to her command;

Here the vain beauty, and the modest maid,  
Forget alike, their conquests and their charms ;—  
Devoted lover ! where's your proffer'd aid ?  
A mighty rival tears her from your arms,  
Whom you, so oft, have vow'd to shield from  
harms,  
And you, with all your love, can only weep !—  
With the vow'd partner of your future hours ;  
Say, will you now your fond engagements keep ?  
She dies—and you return to pleasure's rosy  
bow'rs !



Return unwarn'd, though you beheld her die,—  
Saw the dread change, the terror and the  
tomb,  
And for a moment deem'd 'twere sweet to lie,  
Ev'n in the grave that did her charms inhume !  
Nor yet, as vaguely ! to dispel the gloom  
Of transient mem'ry, cease, by fits, to paint  
Future re-union in some region bright,—  
Some distant future—fancy's flimsy feint,  
To baffle sober search, and reason's steady light !

Oh ! of all human madness, 'tis most strange  
That man should still neglect his strongest  
need !  
Lavish his soul on toys of time and change,  
Yet slight, for transient pleasure's dubious  
meed,  
The only certainty to man decreed !  
Hope's cheated creditor should still pursue  
To-morrow's promise, reckless of the past !  
Live on brief futures, yet with death in view,  
Provide for all but this—the surest and the last.

Thou Bard\* "unknown!" like him of old disguis'd,

Who, among shepherds, breath'd Olympian strains,

And through veil'd Godhead, and a lot despised,  
Bestow'd his lyre to humanize the plains,—

(Bard, let me call thee, tho' no verse restrains!)

Oh! if the Passion's move at thy command,

And thoughts take life, which others feebly dream,—

Warm'd by the touch of thy Promethean wand,  
Win back thy way to heav'n—be heav'n thy theme!

Well hast thou painted Superstition's woes,

Th' enthusiast's dream, the bigot's gloom severe,

All the wild various anarchy that flows

From blind-fold zeal, led on by frantic fear;

(Well know th' unlisted, truth presides not here!)

---

\* The author of *Old Mortality*,—the last production when this passage was written, of a matchless pen, not now "*The Great Unknown*," but, (if a quibble may be pardoned, which has truth to recommend it) of a 'greater, known.'

But boots it thee, so gifted—to confine  
Thy skill in human phantasy, to prove  
That fallen man has lost that light divine?  
Can laughter *heal* our tears?—scorn, madd'ning  
doubts remove?

If so, the harshest were the wisest art,  
And all that faëry net-work of the brain  
Imagination weaves, to win the heart,  
Was given to thee,—to us who read—in vain!  
Oh! mock not idly *her* important reign.  
Regent of Hope and Fear!—be thou her friend,  
And kindly counsellor, not anarch rude,  
Blazoning the erring rule he fails to mend—  
Wayward, though kind, is she, and gently should be  
woo'd!

Where was thy scoff's illustrious pattern—where  
Heaven's genuine offspring, clad in native  
white—

When heaven's dishonour'd altars were thy care?  
Why the *true Priestess* banish'd from our sight?  
Chissel'd by thee, chaste, fair, divinely bright,

Shedding angelic tears by Burley's side,  
Had *she* appeared—like column more sublime  
O'er ruin's darken'd mass---then had defy'd  
Thy fame all rival boast, and shar'd all after time.

The richest banquet Genius ever spread,  
Transcending far Apicius' snares of sense—  
Brief as convivial hours, but warms the head  
To vainer dreams, if soul's immortal thence,  
Draw not some nourishment of fair pretence  
To sate immortal cravings---man must die!  
This thought, which folly shrinks to entertain,  
Haunts reason still---the hair-hung sword on  
high,  
Scaring life's feast---or kind, parting the pris'ner's  
chain;

Kind, if Religion comment on the theme,  
And wisdom listen to the heavenly maid!  
Dread, if abandon'd to conjecture's stream,  
Man float his all where helm nor star give aid!  
What human thought can pierce the dismal  
shade

Of death's dark valley? who assurance find  
Of an hereafter, from aught imaged here---  
Where change perpetual, laws unvarying bind,  
And Nature still rolls on her ever circling sphere

In calm mutation? death succeeding life---  
(Brief life! the guest that tarrieth but a day);  
Yet with fresh births, fresh seasons, ever rife,  
Majestic Nature shares not the decay---  
What then forbids that she endure for aye?  
Remorseless of her buried sons, move on  
Through endless ages, leaving to their sleep  
Them on whom one day's sun so brightly shone!—  
They who lov'd life so well, and could for others  
weep?

Oh! the sad thought---to slumber in the dust---  
Hope quench'd, ambition cold, joy, friendship,  
love,  
The faithful heart, the generous, and the just,  
Never again like sympathies to prove!  
Did ardent Genius, then, so vainly move?

Taste, art inventive, labour for a shroud?

Was it for this that poesy was fired,  
And Music, mystic warbler ! breath'd aloud  
Her prophecy of Heaven, and seraph dreams in-  
spired ?

Well might the Persian monarch weep his host,  
Clad in their glittering pomp, death's future  
prey !

Why, vent'rous Gama, tempt an unknown coast ?

Why, Abyssinian wanderer, fondly stray ?

Nor Nile nor Ganges can revive your clay,  
If " Macedonia's madman " (truly styled !)

And Shakspeare, conqu'ring Fancy's boundless  
realm,

He \* whose ambition walk'd the starry wild,  
And he † who soar'd beyond---one night eternal  
whelm !

---

\* Newton.

† Milton.



Forth new array'd the lilies of the field,  
 That "toil not, spin not," lead their annual  
 train ;  
 The tufted wild-thyme winter had conceal'd,  
 Listens to Spring, and scents the breeze again ;  
 But man, the reasoning tenant of the plain,  
 No vernal voice awakens from the dead---  
 His broken clay-house mingles with the soil---  
 Eternity is booming o'er his head ;  
 The place that knew him once, for him no more shall  
 smile.

\* \* \* \* \*

Ha ! what sad dissonance of woe was there !\*  
 Britannia shrieking to her distant realms,  
 While half earth's caverns echo her despair ;  
 Pride droops, hate dies, a common shock o'er-  
 whelms

All diverse hearts that human passions share !  
 A mighty nation's hope and joy lies dead---  
 Europe's fair Cynosure,\* nor her alone---

---

\* This, and the following stanzas, were written in the winter of 1817, though not here placed chronologically.



One blast the blossom and the bud hath shed—  
The teeming grave claims both, unreck'd the needy  
          throne!

Thou, by one flash of Fate relentless, reft  
    Of love and empire---pity writhes for thee!  
Of all thy hopes, bright-Iris, what is left  
    Save the sad dew's of weeping constancy?  
To gaze on scenes *she* never more shall see,  
    Hang on thy heart each relic that she wore,  
Word she last breath'd, or look last beaming love---  
    These are but *subject* griefs---thine one pang  
          more---

To balance love with realms, and know, how far  
          above!

O! make an altar of her sacred tomb,  
    And vow upon it a life-lasting grief!  
V'lets less bright than sweet---the rose perfume  
    That dies not with the pale and scatter'd leaf,  
And every fragrance rare, and every tincture  
    brief

With daily duty, shed profusely there !  
Spiced like the ashes of Arabia's bird,  
They'll medicate all souls that breathe that air,  
To higher, holier aims, than e'er ambition stirr'd ;  
For who, that fatal night so long desir'd,  
Saw the destroying angel hov'ring nigh ?  
Not *that* when Egypt's first-born sons expir'd,  
Rais'd to mysterious heav'n a wilder cry,  
Nor sunk the oft-harden'd heart more helplessly !  
The great—the fair—the young—Death could not  
charm,  
Nor palace-guards secure, nor sheltering love ;  
Not all that waste of worth could Heav'n disarm ;  
Then die ! sand-clinging hopes ! scorn, more than  
ruth, ye move !

\* \* \* \* \*

For gain or fame to visit realms unknown,  
(Gain others reap, fame few survive to hear),  
What band of travellers pass in *silence* on,  
Nor oft and daily, anxious councils share ?  
Each communes largely on their common care,

Each tells his hopes, his doubts---thus all provide  
 By thought's exchange—some dole in wisdom's  
 aid;  
 Travellers of Death's dark valley! wand'ring wide  
 From wisdom's chart celestial—wherefore have ye  
 strayed?

Why will ye die? Alas! with coward heart,  
 Like children in the dark, you close your eyes,  
 To hide your own chimeras;—all your art  
 To cheat, not heal, the terrors that arise  
 At nature's friendly bidding, you devise;  
 Then talk, laugh, revel, carrol to the moon,  
 Till clouds and darkness settle on the soul;  
 Too late for wisdom—for remorse too soon—  
 The day-star dawns afar, and shews the distanc'd goal!

\* \* \* \* \*

'Twas need that man should fear, when Belial's  
 wrath  
 Unchain'd, but unsuspect, besets his way;  
 Within,—worse foe,—without, the world he hath,  
 All, all in league his purpose to bewray—  
 Earth hems him round, and heav'n's too far away!

Too high that throne of stars to rule his soul,  
By clouds of sense obscur'd, and pleas'd to rove  
This flowery Eden ! did not fear controul ;---  
Hallow the fear of death,---'twas giv'n to man in love !

\* \* \* \* \*

## TRIBUTARY LINES,

On reading "The Course of Time," by the late Robert Pollok, A. M.

IMMORTAL Pollok ! could my thoughts flow free,  
Clothed in thine own unborrow'd majesty,  
As rising from thine argument sublime,  
I muse the moral of thy "Course of 'Time ;"  
Winding through every page in truth's clear tide,  
Mocking Art's jet works—Poesy's vain pride,  
And critic niceness !—Could I vie with thee,  
In thy bright soul of heavenly Poesy,  
Which heedless of the body, leaves behind  
The garments and the gaudes that others bind—  
Transcending most, when most thou bringst to view,  
How o'er the artificial, towers the true ;  
'Twere natural, while my soul, mind, ear, are all  
Moving with thee—like cadence to recall,  
When I abashed, and yet transported, fire  
To lay the tribute of a reverent lyre

Upon thy tomb—but since I would not dare  
The censure of comparison, nor bear  
The fall of other wrens, who, following, might  
Deem I had vainly track't thy eagle flight,  
By thy wing's soundings—therefore, less of choice,  
Than of humility, I pitch my voice  
By other stop—far be the thought to climb  
Thy glorious heights!—therefore, I give thee rhyme!---  
Nor lives the bard, on Briton's tuneful shore,  
Weigh verse with soul, *to thee* could offer more !  
Many there are, and worthier hands than mine,  
That might strew costly fragrance on thy shrine.  
Many may have thy ore—but thine was wrought  
By a pure spirit, all divinely taught :—  
The jewel worker, and the hand whose powers  
Are spent in fashioning mimic fancy flowers,  
Not more apart, nor different their reward,  
Than the mere poet, and the Christian bard.  
Mind, intellect, taste, genius, what are they ?  
Mere implements ! employ them how we may---  
On best materials, and for choicest ends,  
'Tis then, then only, that their worth transcends !



The soul content in flowery paths to roam,  
However wreathed, brings fading treasures home ;  
But he who holds communion with the skies,  
The stars his gems, and heaven the toiled-for prize,  
Leaving the fame, the worldlings fondly love,  
To yield his service to the courts above ;  
His fancy feeding on celestial themes,  
Catches unconsciously diviner beams ;  
Hovering and listening near th' angelic choir,  
*He* wins th' immortal wreath, the undying fire !  
Scott ! Byron ! Milton ! Briton's latest fames,  
I would not rob ye—ye are glorious names !  
But yet "the youth of great religious soul,"\*  
Who took from one† a moral, joins the whole—  
The Scot's exhaustlessness, the ocean prow  
Of the dark wandering Harolde, and the brow  
Shut out from common day, and earthly sight,  
To drink more deeply of celestial light,  
Blend in the unfettered energies of One,  
Recalling each to view, but copying none !

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\* Vol. ii. p. 62.

† Vol. i. p. 184.



Redundant, rapid, hurried on by death,  
Aiming too surely ! oft his panting breath  
Betrays a faltering moment, loads a line  
He will not pause to lighten—too divine  
The lyre and task he will not cease from, are  
To lend a thought to things of meaner care ;  
When sands are numbering fast, and pledged Decay,  
Impatient hovering, waits the finished lay.—  
A portrait's value is its likeness ; thought  
That best reveals itself, is happiest wrought ;  
Genius, though working with the common tools  
Of types and hues, a power unerring schools,  
To give truth eloquence—still making known  
Whatever garb she wears, that garb's her own ;—  
And here are Truth and Fancy, hand in hand,  
Doing the bidding of a Prophet-wand ;  
Making familiar, new, and worlds unseen,  
Vivid before us as the present scene !

Whether 'tis Pity\* with her dove-like form,  
Or lowly† Piety, or Passion's storm,

---

\* Vol. ii. p. 173.

† Ib. p. 187.

The dying Mother† in her morning bloom,  
 Leaving to God her new-börn—or the gloom  
 And desperate fierceness of the Unchain'd Mind,\*  
 Whose maniac frame revolting fetters bind ;  
 Ocean's† sublimity—the maiden sweets  
 Of sylvan‡ Nature in her bower'd retreats ;  
 The entrance of that Word that maketh wise  
 The simple—or vain Refuges of lies,  
 Where the earth's proud ones shelter from the sound  
 Of oft-beseeching piety ; the Crown'd ||  
 Bearing his honor meekly, or the Slave  
 Writhing from man, and coveting the grave ;  
 Th' unvisor'd soul of dark Hypocrisy ; §  
 Th' indolent's Poppy, ¶ or the insane cry\*\*  
 Of self-applauding Energy, confin'd  
 To sow but restlessness, and reap the wind !—  
 Or whether, (where no following hand may trace !)  
 Far o'er th' horizon's verge of time and space,  
 The themes are sought—th' Apocalyptic themes,  
 Shewn to the poet in diviner dreams !

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\* Vol. ii. p. 214.

† Ib. p. 82.

‡ Ib. p. 69.

|| Ib. p. 170.

§ Ib. p. 130.

¶ Ib. p. 21.

\*\* Vol. ii. p. 106.

Still twin-like, those fair ministers appear,  
Filling the soul, and Melody the ear,---  
The key-note Piety !---His offering made,  
And on religion's altar lowly laid,  
He could no more---his song and life were done---  
His life on earth---and a new song begun.  
Thou'rt gone to thy reward ! no clouds are now  
Dimming the trances of thy seraph brow !  
The vale and atmosphere of tears are pass'd,  
Dark envy's wolves, and sorrow's howling blast !  
All glories pictur'd to thy inward sight  
Are open now, in pure unblemish'd light,  
Not seen in glimpses through a varying sky,  
But the one vision of eternity !  
Forever in that spotless raiment drest,  
Of love and holiness that pleas'd thee best ;  
Thy harp no more earth's tissu'd themes employ,  
But one entire, bright, boundless as thy joy---  
Perfection infinite---O happy soul,  
Ranging beatitude ! not idly roll  
My worthless numbers---all unworthy thee !  
If this poor tribute but the glow-worm be,  
Whose tiny track *one* wanderer may engage,  
To seek the light of thy soul-winning page !

## THE SABBATH TESTIMONY.

EACH Sabbath-day's a sign from heaven,  
Would we but read it right :  
Whence came it? wherefore was it given?  
The proud, the vain, the light,  
Aged and blooming, duly go,  
And fill the weekly churches, row by row.

The six-day's ceaseless reveller,  
Fashion's and Folly's train,  
He who derides the vow sincere,  
And he who hears in vain,  
Slumberer and scoffer still attend  
At the appointed hour to listen and to bend !

There you may note the worlding's look,  
See all art's gaudes display'd ;  
The eye oft wandering from the book,  
The listless mind betray'd—  
Still, like the bell-led flock they go,  
And take their Sabbath stations row by row.

Are they the scorn'd, the stedfast few,  
Who draw this various train?  
Who, countless generations through,  
Bulwark the sacred Fane?  
No! 'tis the Sabbath's spell-like sway,  
Prevailing in its might, since the first seventh  
day!

Ask not if first in Eden taught,  
Or if on Mamre's plain,  
Or if with Moses, blessing fraught,  
Began the Sabbath's reign!  
Whence and why came it, would you know,  
Go scan the weekly churches row by row!

The golden cup with manna stor'd,  
And Aaron's blossom'd rod,  
Not more His miracles record  
Than doth *this ark of God*,  
Bearing His testimony still,  
Through earth's rebellious hosts, arm'd to oppose  
His will!

And not alone among the meek,  
The spirit-breathing few,  
Need we the silent tokens seek  
That speak the Bible true—  
Ask, ask the scoffers why they go  
And fill the weekly churches, row by row?—

They go, because a hand divine  
Upholds the Sabbath's sway;  
They go, for like the rainbow's sign  
It pledges brighter day—  
They view it like the vapour's hues!  
But still its offer comes, and they are free to  
chuse;

Through Pride's dark clouds they feel their  
need!—

They slight, and yet they fear;  
And not in vain doth Sabbath plead,  
And therefore are they here—  
Still there is hope while sinners go  
And take the suppliant's posture row by row.



## THE FATHER OF THE FAITHFUL.

HE led him forth abroad,  
And said "Look up and see,  
And count the number of the stars,  
If they may numbered be !  
And such shall be thy seed :"—  
The childless Patriarch heard,  
His single-vision'd faith was pure,  
He trusted in the Lord :  
His faith th' Almighty deign'd to bless,  
And counted it to him for righteousness.—

O, numerous as the stars,  
The wandering wishes are  
That draw the hearts of men from God,  
And their vain fondness share !  
But as the glorious sun  
Puts out those lesser lights,  
So in the soul where faith has dawn'd,  
One only hope delights !

That hope, like Day, upon our ball,  
Sheds ~~peace~~ on all things present, bright'ning all !

104/



The double-minded man,  
Unstable are his ways !  
But He who "sees all things in one,"\*  
No meteor fire betrays !  
As floats upon the breeze,  
The filmy gossamer,  
Or as th' inconstant summer seas,  
The doubter's moments are---  
The breeze, the sea, are trusted more  
Than the sure haven and the stedfast shore !—

Turn to the Patriarch now---  
The promis'd child is born !  
Beauty and light are on his brow,  
And fondly he is worn  
Like a rich signet ring  
Upon his father's heart,  
Binding it round with tenderness---  
And can he bear to part

---

\* Thomas à Kempis.

With this so treasur'd gem---this dower  
Of blooming morning hopes gladdening his even-  
ing hour?

*The Book* tells not his throes---  
It needed not! when came  
The Voice that bade him slay his son,  
And yield him to the flame---  
His only one! his heir,  
The seed of promise given,  
Whence, numerous nations were to spring,  
Thick as the hosts of heaven!  
But not more child-like Isaac's trust  
In him, than his in God, the Merciful and Just!

So forth at His command,  
Young Isaac Abram leads;  
The staff of Faith is in his hand,  
Tho' inwardly he bleeds;  
And three days' journey he  
That dread burnt-offering bears  
Upon his heart unfalteringly---  
And now the rites prepares---

“ The altar’s ready !” Isaac cried,  
“ But where’s the victim lamb ?”---“ My son !  
God will provide !”

And rich Provision’s made !  
And O, that father’s joy,  
When graciously his hand was stay’d,  
Unbound his darling boy,  
May faintly figure forth  
The flood of light and life,  
The dawning of that endless day,  
When freed from nature’s strife,  
The faithful hearts their conflicts o’er,  
Shall count their joys like stars, or sands upon  
the shore.

## THE PLAIN OF REPHIDIM.\*

THE hosts of Amalek are on the plain ;  
Israel's selected strength, by Joshua led,  
Join battle with the mighty—nor in vain !  
A mightier arm unseen is o'er them spread ;—

Yet seem'd the issue doubtful, giant Power  
Full-fed and godless, Ruthlessness and Pride,  
Were the fierce weapons of their darken'd hour,  
Who there, the Chosen of the Lord defied !

Moses, the people's priest, ascends the hill,  
Divinely taught, and as he holds on high  
The rod, Prayer's symbol, the invaders still  
Are smitten back, or dying fall, or fly ;

---

\* Exod. xvii. Deut. xxv. 17.

But long the contest—and when nature fails,  
And droop in weariness his aged hands,  
Lo! o'er the battle Amalek prevails,  
And driven like scatter'd clouds are Israel's bands ;

So Hur and Aaron, rang'd on either side,  
Like Friendship strengthening Piety, bestow  
Their kindly aid his arms to prop and guide,  
And the sun sank upon the fallen foe !

## ELEGY,

Occasioned by the lamented death of George Walter Maxwell, of Carruchan, Esq., aged 22, who was drowned in attempting to swim across the river Nith, after bathing, nearly opposite to the town of Dumfries, and in sight of numerous spectators, in the summer of 1827.

A SOUND is in my ear, a sight in view

I cannot banish—life-long power they bear!

A river stream, a fair youth struggling through—

He sinks, he sinks, he sinks—he perish'd there!

Perish'd with throbbing hearts, and eager hands,

Shouting and waving o'er the tide in vain!

Perish'd in sight of home and kindred bands,

And none could succour, none could bring again!

The sun look'd brightly on, the sky, the shore,

The treacherous waters pitiless remain'd;

Onward they flow'd as calmly as before,

And nature still her placid smile maintain'd,

As if in mockery of the voiceless woe,  
The pale despair, the shiver'd hopes of *one*,  
Who kiss'd his forehead not an hour ago !  
Who in his life had garner'd up her own !

Not without fear, she saw him bounding forth  
To taste the freshness of the summer wave—  
A mother's fears---how lightly have they birth !  
He laugh'd them off !---alas ! upon his grave,

Fears, smiles, and hopes, alike, are wither'd now !  
Her dutiful, her beautiful, her first-born,  
Who should have liv'd to smooth her dying brow---  
She'll go to him---he never shall return ;

And yet of him she is not all bereft---  
Joy in her grief ! they found his dear remains  
Unsoil'd, unmarr'd, the glow of beauty left,---  
And painting's art the precious form retains,

Of his young loveliness, with such a look !  
As if beneath the wave to him was given  
The oil of peace---as parting he partook  
The calm, the hope, the blessedness of heaven !



The eyes are closed, but yet it is not sleep,  
But sweet religious thought that shades the brow ;  
The tranquil lips say, " Mother, cease to weep !  
Thou had'st a son, thou hast a Seraph now---

A guardian Seraph"---therefore has she plac'd  
That holy Painting near her widow'd bed,  
Where to her sight, as on her heart, is trac'd,  
Earliest and latest, her lamented dead.

Mother bereav'd! what could'st thou wish him more ?  
Man covets honor---his went out unstain'd !  
Some might have wept him on time's later shore,  
His early fate a country's tears obtain'd.

The plum'd procession, pomp's funereal show,  
May balsam pride---but when young worth de-  
parts,  
His funeral train are Pity, Love, and Woe,  
Not mourning garments, but lamenting hearts ;

Both follow'd him---attendant on his bier,  
Throng'd pomps innumerable---reverently led  
To pay the tribute of regret sincere---  
And he was laid as if in glory's bed !

Man covets heaven---but O that steep ascent,  
How few in youth have stedfastness to climb !  
Earth's happiest pilgrim would be well content  
To gain that height, without the toils of time !

A mother's love would dowry with the best  
Of earth and heaven, her dear, her duteous son !  
O, canst thou grieve that he was early blest?---  
Be well content---the palm of both was won !

## NOTES.



## NOTES.

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### NOTE I.

*"Flow on my verse ! the wild bird on the spray."*

NOR as attaching any value to the simple expression of a feeling so naturally experienced, and which is likely to have been often far better expressed by innumerable of the poetic tribe, nor as contending for that higher attribute of poetry, originality, to which her volume can make small or no pretension, but for the purpose of distinctly disavowing intentional unacknowledged plagiarism here or elsewhere, the author, whose reading had been very limited, begs to state that when this stanza was written, she was not aware of having borrowed her simile from any one ; nor is she yet. To unconscious plagiarism, scribblers of her calibre must be peculiarly liable, when, as in her case, reading has been negligently miscellaneous, and the memory indistinct ; but in proof that the *plagiary prepense* may sometimes be groundlessly alleged, she is happy to bring forward the following close coincidence, both in thought and expression, which she met with in the Edinburgh Review, No. 51, p. 198, soon

after her stanza was committed to paper, in the Spring of 1816, and which she transmitted along with this, and one or two succeeding stanzas, to a friend to whom she happened to be writing at the time: "Conrad (of Würzburgh, who flourished towards the conclusion of the 13th century) is ever complaining of the downfall of knightly virtue, and the apathy of the great, who had ceased to cultivate poetry themselves, and left it unpatronised in others; yet he indignantly exclaims, 'he cares not for their gifts! his tongue shall not be silent, since the art itself will reward him; he will continue his song like the nightingale; she who sings for her own sake; hidden in the woods her notes assuage her cares, nor does she heed whether any stranger listen to her strains!' while she sits upon the nest."

## NOTE II.

## THE CONVICT PRISON LAMP.

"One is there  
Whose weeping babes her last caresses share."

THE story alluded to, no uncommon one in the outline, would occupy too much space in the detail, were it necessary to authenticate the facts, whence the author took her partial sketch; which, though intentionally indistinct, figures, in no borrowed pathos, the leading features of a case that occurred under her own observation. The circumstance of the Lamp, with the incidental introduction,



which brought those affecting facts to her knowledge, are stated, however feebly, exactly as they arose.

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### NOTE III.

#### KISHEN KOWER.

##### PRINCESS OF ODEYPOOR.

THE following memoir, extracted from Sir John Malcolm's "Memoir of Central India," was partly drawn up by the author of the present volume from memory; which she trusts will excuse any variation of expression, or deterioration of interest in the narrative—the facts, she believes, will be found correct.

The beautiful Kishen Kower was the daughter of the Rana of Odeypoor, the highest in rank amongst the Rajpoot Princes. She was betrothed to Bheem Singh, the Raja of Joudpoor, but this prince dying, her hand became the object of ambitious contest. Maun Singh, a distant relation of Bheem Singh, succeeded to the throne on the death of the latter. His pretension to an alliance with the house of Odeypoor, the highest honor to which a prince of that tribe could aspire, was naturally grounded on the circumstance of his succession to the throne of the betrothed deceased, independently of the interest excited in his youthful mind by the reported virtues and extraordinary beauty of the high-born Princess—but the intrigues of political faction disturbed his sovereignty, and proved fatal to the object of his love.



Sevai Singh, who had been minister to the late Joudpoor Raja, after an interval of two years, brought forward a real or supposed son of that prince, in whose cause he soon raised a considerable party, and as a farther step towards accomplishing the downfall of Maun Singh, and the consequent establishment of his own ambitious views, he contrived to introduce dissension between that prince and his most powerful neighbour, the Jeypoor Raja, by inciting the latter to demand the hand of the princess of Odeypoor, of her father, who was a weak, irresolute prince, in opposition to the prior claim and known wishes of Maun Singh.

His scheme succeeded to a direful extent. The war that ensued, equally desolated both principalities: involving in the contest, partizans from all the surrounding powers; and it at length became the object of a general and needful policy, to endeavour a reconciliation between the two rival princes. It was proposed that this should be cemented by means of a double family alliance—Jugguth Singh, the Jeypoor Raja, was to espouse the daughter of Maun Singh, and the latter, the sister of his rival and enemy; each resigning his pretensions to the fair Kishen Kower. We are not informed how such a proposal was received by two young and ardent princes, who had each shaken his throne and desolated his principality for the attainment of an object so worthy of inspiring that ardour—and who was still in the full splendour of her matchless beauty—but what could have been their conflicts on agreeing to this proposal, they whom dangers pressed on every side, and whose fiery passions adversity had contributed to tame, compared with the feelings of the wretched father of the princess, when informed by his ministers and allies that the life of his beloved daughter was required as a needful sacrifice to propitiate

the desired nuptials, and restore peace to the desolated countries of Rajpootana ! It was represented to him that the honour of all parties, equally with the public tranquillity, imperiously demanded this barbarous peace-offering ; for that he could not, on the one hand, bestow the princess in marriage on any other chief, without affronting two of the most powerful of the Rajpoot princes, who had been the unsuccessful competitors for her hand ; nor on the other, consistently with the laws of Rajpoot dignity, could he retain in his family an unmarried daughter, without bringing disgrace upon himself. Nature and pride warred equally within him ; but it is asserted that neither arguments nor threats could move the father to become the executioner of his child, or even to press upon her the alternative of self-immolation—though the evidence is sufficiently conclusive, that his weakness connived at her destruction ;—to accomplish which, other instruments were too readily found. To Adjeit Singh, one of the most powerful of his nobles, and his most confidential minister, the crime of the weak Rana's acquiescence is imputed ; and the sister of the Rana, Chand Bhye, presented the poisoned chalice to the devoted Princess, conjuring her to save her family and tribe from the miseries and desolation in which her high birth, her fatal beauty, and her unhappy destiny had involved them. The appeal was not in vain ! She drank three poisoned cups, and before swallowing the last, which proved instantly fatal, she exclaimed, ‘ This, then, is the marriage to which Kishen Kower was foredoomed ! ’ None of the inhabitants of the palace were ignorant of the tragedy that was acting within its walls, though no hand was courageous enough to interpose ; and the youth and extraordinary beauty of the victim, excited a feeling of

commiseration that was general and powerful in a degree quite unusual amongst the inhabitants of India. The fact, and the particulars of Kishen Kower's death, were no sooner spread through the city of Odeypoor, than loud lamentation burst from every quarter, and expressions of pity for her fate, were mingled with execrations on the weakness and cowardice of those who could purchase safety on such terms. Her mother soon after fell a victim to her grief—and if the name of the Odeypoor nobility was tarnished in the person of Adjeit Singh, by that exercise of his influence over his Prince, which a cruel policy had dictated, the character of this brave race was no less remarkably redeemed by the generous indignation of Sugwan Singh, chief of Karradar. This venerable warrior, no sooner caught the rumour of what was passing in the palace, than he hastened from his residence to Odeypoor, and dismounting from a breathless horse, rushed unceremoniously into the presence of the Prince, whom he found seated in apparent affliction, surrounded by his ministers. He impatiently demanded, "Is the Princess dead or alive?" to which, after a short pause, Adjeit Singh replied, by entreating him "not to disturb the grief of a father for a lost child." The old chief immediately unbuckled his sword, which, with his shield, he laid at the feet of the Mana Rana, saying, in a calm but resolute tone, "My ancestors have served yours for thirty generations, and to you I cannot utter what I feel, but these arms shall never more be used in your service"—"as for you, villain!" exclaimed he, turning to Adjeit Singh, "who have brought this disgrace on the Rajpoor name, may the curse of a father light upon you! may you die childless!" So saying, he retired from the assembly, leaving an impression of awe

and horror on the minds of all present. Sugwan Singh survived these events eight years, and though he never bore arms again in the service of the Mana Rana, he equally refused to unite against him with any of the rival states. The last child of Adjeit Singh, died a short time ago, and the event was deemed by the superstitious Rajpoots, to be a fulfilment of the curse so emphatically denounced. Kishen Kower was sacrificed in 1810.

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#### NOTE IV.

#### THE LOST CHILD.

*"Wee Nannie wander'd on the moor."*

THE following incident occurred in the month of October, 1826:—John Higgins, farm-servant, Ainibagliesh, parish of Glenluce, had a little daughter, three years old, which having followed a cart to the potato field, was allowed to play about till evening, which was then very near at hand. The child amused herself by plucking wild flowers, which were rife enough in the month of October, and allured, perhaps, by the sight of a few tufts of unfaded heather, strolled unnoticed to a contiguous moor of at least 1000 acres in extent. When the labourers were about to quit the field, the girl was called and looked for in vain; and though the shades of night were closing in on all sides, a diligent search was instituted immediately, in which all the neighbours joined. At a late hour, the afflicted relatives were constrained by their friends to return home, and passed a most anxious and sleepless night. Early next morning the search was renewed, and continued for two successive days,



but still with little hope of success. The child disappeared on a Wednesday evening, and it was not until ten o'clock on the Saturday following, that she was discovered by her grandfather lying on her face, among a small heap of stones. The air during the first night was cold and frosty, on the second it rained without intermission, and on the third the wind blew keenly from the east ; and during the whole of that long period, the little sufferer had remained alone in the open wild, without food or shelter of any kind. The grandfather was in the knowledge of all these circumstances, and when he lifted his little favourite in his arms, he expected to find her a stiffened corpse. The reader may judge then of his feelings when she opened her mild blue eyes, smiled in his face, and in accents scarcely articulate, inquired ' Where's faither, and uncle Sandy ? ' So tender an appeal, made under such painful circumstances, was too much for the veteran's fortitude ; and we cannot better describe the scene, than by quoting his own words : ' I tried to thank my Maker aloud, but words I had nane ; my hair, I am sure, stood on end, and my heart was sae grit at the same time, that I sat mysel' down wi' Nanny in my arms, and cried, and better cried, till the wee thing asked me what ailed me ; and I was brought to mysel', by thinking that I had turned the greatest bairn o' the twa.' But Nanny, with proper nursing, recovered, and still lives to be a comfort to her friends, and a singular proof of the power and goodness of that superintending Providence, which ' tempers the wind to the shorn lamb.'

#### A GLOSSARY TO THE LOST CHILD.

|                                      |                                       |
|--------------------------------------|---------------------------------------|
| <i>Wee</i> , little.                 | <i>Ca'd</i> , from to ca', to drive.  |
| <i>Keeking</i> , peeping.            | <i>Mirker and mirker</i> , darker and |
| <i>Férries</i> , wonders, novelties. | darker.                               |
| <i>Lavrock</i> , the lark.           | <i>Soughing</i> , sighing.            |

*Grap'd*, groped.  
*Hearken'd*, listened.  
*Braken*, fern.  
*Heathery*, heathy.  
*Her lane*, alone.  
*Growsome*, horrid.  
*Lintie*, fair and soft as lint.  
*Gentle*, neat, elegant.  
*Minting*, stammering.  
*Flyting*, chiding. *Neist*, next.  
*Garr'd*, made; induced me to.  
*Gang*, go.  
*Sicean a*, such a.  
*Raise*, rose.  
*Stoure*, dust blown by the wind.  
*Gaed*, went.  
*A'*, all. *Lippen'd*, trusted to,  
 confided in. *Ilk*, each.  
*Grunlie sheugh*, turbid ditch,  
 or furrow.

*Whinny*, furzy, from furze. . .  
*Shaw*, originally the same with  
 schaw, a wood; in modern  
 border parlance, signifying  
 any cluster of copse wood.  
*Cam nae speed*, had no success.  
*Hap*, shelter, clothing.  
*Seeking*, searching.  
*Fleeching*, cozening, flattering.  
*Or*, till but. *Tynt*, lost.  
*Lift*, sky.  
*Behint*, behind.  
*Stoilers*, staggers.  
*"Whar was their een,"* where  
 was their sight.  
*Oye*, grandchild.  
*Or*, before. *Owr*, too, over,  
 much.  
*Een*, eyes. *Div*, do.  
*Greet*, weep.

## NOTE V.

"Sweet *Esk*! thou art no more that hermit stream."

At the city of *Yezd*, in Persia, which is distinguished by the appellation of the *Darüb Abadut*, or Seat of Religion, the *Guebres* have an *Abüsck Kudur*, or Peri Temple, which, they assert, has had the sacred fire in it since the days of Zoroaster."—*Pottinger's Beloochistan*.

*Atush  
Kud*

*Beeloo*

## NOTE VI.

"LORELY—THE NYMPH OF THE RHINE."

THERE are innumerable legends in Germany concerning the Nymph of the Rhine, who was fabled, like other syrens, to be seated on a rock, alluring mariners to their destruction



by her beauty and her song. Her characteristic charms were tranquil beauty, and a sort of simplicity, giving to her cruelties the air of a child's unconscious playfulness. At length she saw and loved the youthful Hubert—"the Palatine's" only son. He had escaped from the vigilance of his tutor and attendants, and trusted himself in a fisher's bark, for the purpose of gazing upon her far-famed charms.

Their intoxicating influence rendering him heedless of danger, he stood at the prow, and as he stretched his arms upwards towards the promontory where she sat, he did not perceive that the boatmen, who were anxious for his preservation, and who already repented of having favoured his rashness, were suddenly steering in a contrary direction ; and he lost his balance and was plunged beneath the waters. Lorely followed, and conducted him to her cave.

The fishers reported the circumstance to the youth's father, who employed various emissaries to ensnare her, and recover his son. He succeeded in both, through the assistance of a magician, who, however, had not power over her life, but she was bound by a vow never more to appear in the neighbourhood of Rhinfelt during the lifetime of Hubert ; and they took from the poor seemingly heart-broken young creature, the ring of his which she wore and cherished as the pledge of their short-lived union. The youth soon pined and died, and Lorely returned to her former haunts ;—but she was never heard to sing again.

## NOTE VII.

*"Where went my sweet Ameerin."*

THE air for which these stanzas were written, was so associated in the author's recollections with the lamentations of a Hindostanee mother, whom she used frequently to hear murmuring it over to herself in low tones, after the death of an only and beloved child, that she trusts she may be pardoned the slight plagiarism which will be found in the adaptation, when she states, that such were literally the expressions used by this person when narrating the circumstances of her affliction. Her intercourse with Europeans, and the natural promptings of a vigorous and inquisitive mind, had introduced doubts respecting the purity and the promises of her prophet's creed; and grief for her daughter's loss, was divided with anxiety concerning her destiny.

## NOTE VIII.

*"These are but subject griefs—thine, one pang more."*

"The grief of all the rest, like subject griefs did show,  
His, like a sovereign did transcend."

"DRYDEN'S *Threnodia Augustalis*, on the death of King Charles the II.," a Poem, which, though proud to notice the coincidence, the author had assuredly never read when her stanzas were written; never having possessed nor seen the inside of any copy of Dryden's works till some time af-

terwards, when the arranging of a friend's library brought her into contact with Johnson's Poets, and disclosed to her the treasures of that mighty master; a few of which only were known to her, usually found in miscellaneous collections.

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NOTE IX.

"Not that when Egypt's first-born sons expired."  
This comparison occurs in some beautiful poetry, likewise on the death of the Princess Charlotte, from the pen, as the author believes, of Mr Croly, but of which she only read a few pages, in the newly published volume, accidentally found on the friend's morning table whom she was visiting, and to whom she had just been reciting her own far inferior stanzas.

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NOTE X.

\* "*Immortal Pollok, &c.*"

THE lamented subject of this brief notice, was born at Muirhouse, parish of Eaglesham, October 19, 1798. His father still occupies the same farm, and is esteemed by his neighbours as a very worthy and intelligent person. Robert was the youngest of the family; and his early days were spent on the farm with his father, in such labours as

\* As to this see note at foot of page 794, Vol. II. Chambers's Cyclopaedia of English Literature. — David Patrick's *Cont.* (New) 1921.

the seasons called for. He was always fond of reading; and the winter's evenings were employed in this manner, when his companions were perhaps engaged in some trifling amusement. He is not known to have made any attempts at poetry when very young. At 17 years of age he commenced the study of the Latin language; and a few months after this he produced the first poem which he is known to have committed to paper. It is said that this juvenile performance conveyed to some, to whom it was read, the instantaneous and decided conviction, that the writer was a Poet of no inconsiderable powers. From this time he occasionally wrote verses, relieving his mind from his severer studies, by a ramble on Parnassus. In October, 1817, when seventeen years of age, he entered the University of Glasgow, where he studied five years, at the end of which time he obtained the degree of Master of Arts. While at College, he was a very diligent and exemplary student, and distinguished himself so far as to have several prizes awarded him by the suffrage of his fellows. Besides the regular exercises, he composed a number for his own pleasure and improvement, and several of these were poetical. Before he had finished his *curriculum*, his health was considerably impaired. In the autumn of 1822, he entered the United Secession Divinity Hall, under the care of Dr Dick. Here his discourses attracted considerable notice, and called forth some severe criticisms from his fellow students. A mind like his could not submit to the trammels of common divisions—the form of an essay suited better the impetuosity of his genius—and he occasionally indulged in lofty descriptions both of character and external nature. These departures from *use and wont*, of course called



down on him the censures of his more sober and less excursive brethren. Still his discourses were admired, and the very passages which were most exceptionable, were allowed by the critics themselves to be sublime. It was during his course of Theological study, that he wrote and published "Helen of the Glen"—"Ralph Gemmil"—and "The Persecuted Family." These small works are in the form of Sabbath School Premiums, and were reckoned by the author as trifling efforts, being chiefly composed in seasons of relaxation from his "Course of Time." In May, 1827, he received license to preach from the United Secession Presbytery of Edinburgh. During his previous trials, he was employed superintending the printing of his Poem. His first public discourse was delivered in the Rev. Mr Brown's Meeting-house, Rose-Street, and is said to have produced a powerful sensation on the audience. The text was, "How long halt ye between two opinions? If the Lord be God, follow him; but if Baal, then follow him?" He spoke, indeed, with much animation, but toward the end of the sentences, there was a quickness of utterance which tended to produce indistinctness. He preached only three other times, when he was obliged to retire from public service. His labours had been too great for his constitution, in which the seeds of consumption had long before been sown. By some medical gentlemen of eminence in Edinburgh, he was advised to try the effects of a warmer climate. Italy was his intended retreat; and after providing himself with letters of introduction to some learned men on the Continent, he set out accompanied by a sister. He had got as far as Devonshire-place, Shirley-Common, near Southampton, when, over-

powered with the fatigues of travelling, he was compelled to desist. He here fevered—and after a few days expired, far from the scenes of his birth and his studies. He was sensible his end was approaching, and remarked to his sister, that he had been deceived, for had he thought himself so weak as he really was, he would never have left his father's house. He also wrote his brother, who had been licensed along with him, of the state of his health, who, as may be supposed, lost no time in setting out for Devonshire-place, but, after travelling night and day, he found nothing on his arrival but—his grave! his sister having previously departed for Scotland. Trying indeed must have been the feelings of the poor brother. Had he arrived before the interment, it was his intention to have brought the body to Scotland, to repose with the remains of his fathers. It is comforting to learn that Mr Pollok's death was that of a true saint, his last moments being characterized by patience, resignation, and faith.

Mr Pollok's mind was certainly of a very superior order. Of this there need no other proof be given, than the encomiums which his "Course of Time" has called forth—encomiums, many of them, penned before his death was known, but which did not appear till after he had gone beyond the reach of earthly applause. His habits were those of a close student. His reading was extensive. He could converse on almost every subject. He had great facility in composition, in confirmation of which it may be stated, that "Helen of the Glen," was written at intervals in six days—his last discourse at the Hall, which displayed extensive knowledge and great strength of mind, was prepared in five hours—and he is said to have written nearly a



thousand lines weekly of the last four books of the "Course of Time." The Poem, as a whole, was, however, no hasty performance. It had engaged his attention long; his college acquaintances could perceive that his mind was not wholly devoted to the business of the classes; he was constantly writing or reading on other subjects. Having his time wholly to himself, he amassed a prodigious store of ideas. It was his custom to commit to the flames, every now and then, a great number of papers. He had projected a prose work of some magnitude—a review of Literature in all ages—designed to show that Literature must stand or fall in proportion as it harmonizes with Scripture Revelation. But death has put an end to this, as to many other projects; and all that we can now look for is a posthumous volume, for which we are glad to understand there are ample materials in the poems, essays, and sermons found among his papers. Such a volume, with a memoir of the lamented youth prefixed, cannot fail to prove an acceptable offering to the public; and we hope soon to hear that it is in course of preparation. We have been informed that his brother is at present in Edinburgh, superintending a second edition of "The Course of Time," with the author's last corrections.

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#### NOTE XI.

*"A sound is in my ear, a sight in view."*

[Extract from the Dumfries Courier, 11th September, 1827.]

"THUS perished this lamented young gentleman, in the prime or rather morning of his days, and amidst the fair-

est prospects of future usefulness; and it adds not a little to the poignancy of the regret, which all ranks and classes have expressed, that he should have been drowned at the hour of noon, in a stream little broader than a common canal, within the view of several persons, and not many hundred yards from home. His age was 22, his fortune independent, his talents respectable, his principles and dispositions honorable and amiable in a high degree; and we may state, in addition, that he was the male representative of the once noble family of Nithsdale and Herries. In his person, he was tall and remarkably handsome; and his doom was so gentle as well as sudden, that hundreds acknowledged with faltering accents and streaming eyes, that he was as lovely in death as he had been in life. Upon the deep and settled grief of his more immediate relations and friends, we dare not and will not venture to intrude. The most genuine sympathy, if not properly timed, aggravates rather than alleviates sorrow; and as there are thoughts that lie too deep for tears, we leave his relatives to the healing hand of time, and those heavenly consolations which religion is so well fitted to inspire.

Mr Maxwell's funeral, which took place yesterday, was more like a public than a private ceremony. His remains were interred in the family burying-place at Troqueer church-yard."

FINIS.

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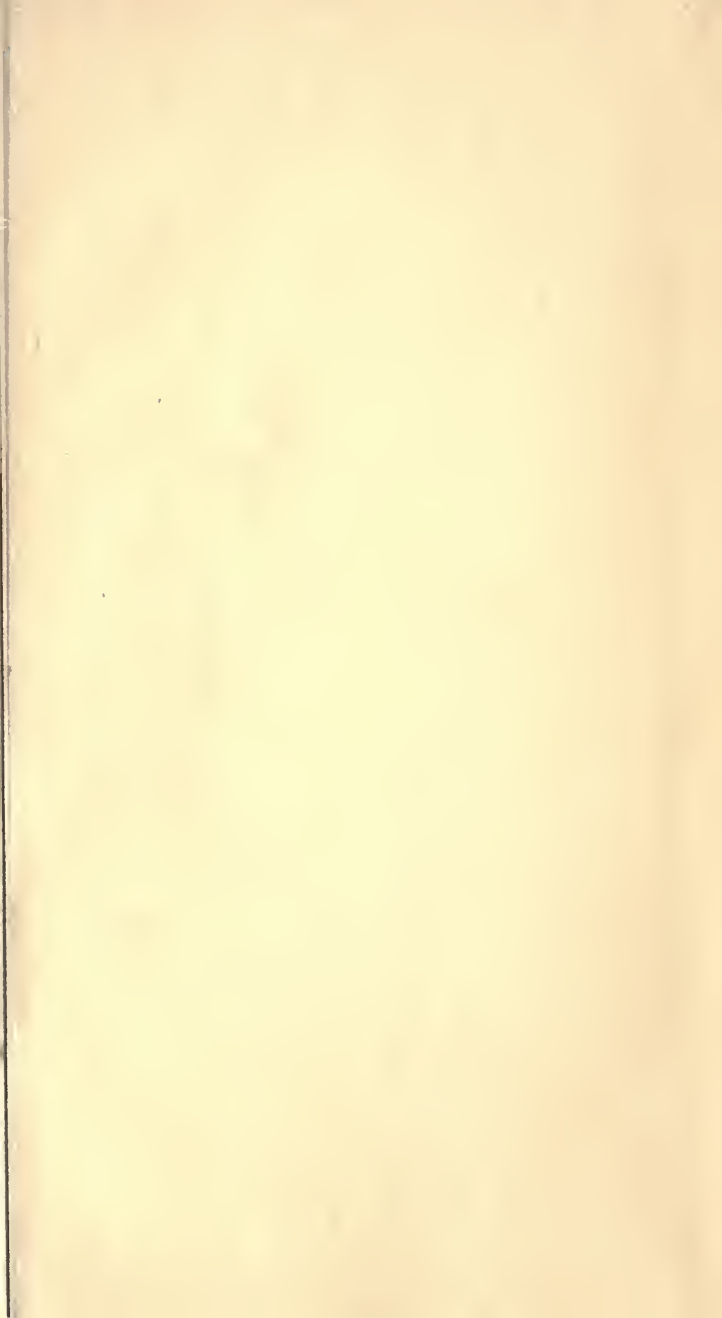
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## ERRATA.

- Page 26. line 13. for "those," read "these."  
... 59. last line, for "yields," read "yield."  
... 106. line 7. for "Promæthean," read "Promethean."  
... 130. 3d stanza, for "des'late," read "desolate."  
... 155. line 15. for "share," read "shore."  
... 161. for "O'Brians," read "O'Briens."  
... 186. line 5. read "thy hopes bright Iris."  
... 206. line 8. after "grave" a comma.  
... 219. Note V. for "*Alusk Kudur*, or Peri Temple," read  
"*Atush Kudù*, or Fire Temple;" and for "*Beloochistan*,"  
read "*Beelochistan*,"

# APPENDIX

The following is a list of the names of the persons who have been  
 named in the various reports of the Committee on the  
 subject of the proposed amendment to the Constitution.  
 The names are arranged in alphabetical order, and are  
 given in full, with the names of the persons who  
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